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OCTOBER—DECEMBER, 1936.

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THE PAST GENERATION

By F. R. Higgins

Cornered within a mind that from its dark berth
Sags like an old cobweb of wings and bones,
Yet clad in a fireside shadow—he sits inert,
A pensioned man of seventy years or so,
Nodding and leaning to feel the white dough
Ripening to bread upon a scorching hearth;
But once into the crust his thumb is spread—
With smells of yeast enlivening the air—
His eyes seem rich with black ale; he lifts the bread
As though his hands are full of prayer.

And while the cake cools within the window space
That pane of scowls glows like a holy place.

Browbeaten he stands there now scanning the mountain
That throws a long siege against the shadowy glass,
Blinding that spyhole, where light squeezed from the pincers
Of dusk and dark, like death, has creased his face—
Creased as his crushed eyes squint with strain of sinew,
Poor seedless skin, the jail of all his race,
The last thing human next the wind's dominion,
The one thing hostile to the mountain's peace;

—A peace unbroken save by a sudden fright
From creaking wild duck winged in headlong flight.

Against that huddled strength his hate is pitched ;
 And now he glowers at its roots of heath,
 That squat their evil claws in this dark hour
 Upon the thrown clay cabins of a street :
 Homes like worn graves, tombstoned with the gables
 That, shading our race once in the blazing years,
 Sheltered those mothers, who breeding a stock of nobles
 Raised them to grace with a grey baptism of tears.

And yet that stock gave stark air a green delight :
 Its young men, hardy, nimble of limb and wit
 To shorten the road, inveigle a bird or bind
 Proud necks to bridles and rough lands to wheat ;
 With girls of shy sweetness, athletically designed
 From nape and hip to instep and over each breast
 Snuggled the lazy brightness of the West.

Now those delights are all gone ; and, look, old pry,
 Where lightning struck, burnt bare that blossoming tree,
 A black hand points indictment at the sky.

So he—last trembler from those heartscalding years—
 Making this hour unearthly with the dead,
 Ceases to spy on what the night has hid
 And while each timid thing creeps into bed,
 Clamping his door—more like a coffin lid—
 He turns, he yawns and having locked the sashes
 Calmly he rakes the fire, till deep in ashes
 The hushed flame sleeps within its own red dream.

He's now in bed ; but there's not a sign he'll ease
 The weight of the great sleep that's on his bones,
 The weight that he has gathered with the years—
 Too weary now he seems even to doze
 And fearing death may oust him from those bones
 " O holy God " he sighs, he turns, he eyes
 The bare breasted Virgin suckling Her Child
 Printed in smoky gold above the bed.

And as he mouths Time's lullabies, his beads
 Barely keep count of prayers in yawned retreats ;
 And so from floor and stool old shadows creep
 With crickets ticking out the time of sleep.

CASCANDO

By Samuel Beckett

I

is it better abort than be barren

the hours after you are gone are so leaden
they will always start dragging too soon
the grapples clawing blindly the bed of want
bringing up the bones the old loves
sockets filled once with eyes like yours
all always is it better too soon than never
the black want splashing their faces
saying again nine days never floated the loved
nor nine months
nor nine lives

2

saying again
if you do not teach me I shall not learn
saying again there is a last
even of last times
last times of begging
last times of loving
of knowing not knowing pretending
a last even of last times of saying
if you do not love me I shall not be loved
if I do not love you I shall not love

the churn of stale words in the heart again
love love love thud of the old plunger
pestling the unalterable
whey of words

terrified again
of not loving
of loving and not you
of being unloved and not by you
of knowing not knowing pretending
pretending

I and all the others that will love you
if they love you

unless they love you

Two Poems by Ernie O'Malley

I.

GRANNIA TO DEARMUID

You lay under the wind
 and hush sounds on the night
 with stars between tall trees
 and water far away.

Did you remind him of
 the high king's heavy beard
 and his shield wide with gold,
 your father's snow white dún
 where poets in feathered coats
 swung a gay silver branch
 and heavy-sworded men
 turned an ear to song
 or, trumpets in the night?

What did he talk about;
 thin spear thrust in the dark
 the red glow of a fort
 brown stags beneath bare pine
 or, a sweet rán well made?

Why should you tell of these
 when he could see your eye
 glint like a mountain lake,
 wide rivers through your smile
 change in the dim half light
 and winding hilly curves
 upon your sides and breast;
 when you could hear his voice
 change like a gliding wing
 that finds its peace in air?

Why should you talk of kings
 or he remember swords?

COUNTY MAYO

A tinker's saffron beard
and pink cart shafts
against
a gusty sky
shake my mind.

Life stands still
for the tinker's spit,
the ass's flapping ears
and wind
in whorls.

We say good day
smile
at our two selves
and part
in the rain.

BALLAD FOR FRANCE

After the French of François Villon

7

By Michael Scot

May he meet monsters tongued with flaming spears,
As Jason did, seeking the Fleece of Gold :
Or change from man to beast, for seven years,
Nebuchadnezzar's fate, in time of old.
His be such grievous loss, and perilous war,
As Troy for Helen's fatal beauty bore.
Torture of Tantalus, beset his days
The woe of Proserpine, in Pluto's ways,
Job's share and more of grief's extravagance,
And the stern prison of the Daedalian maze
Who wishes evil to the realm of France.

May he hang head-down, singing, in a mere,
Four months, as does the bittern, I am told
May he be priced and harnessed, like a steer,
And sent off to the Grand Turk to be sold.
Or suffer as the Magdalen, who wore
No wool or linen, thirty years or more,
Or, like Narcissus, drown in his own gaze,
Or hang, hair-caught, in Absalom's amaze ;
Or tread, like Judas, desperation's dance ;
Or roar to hell in Simon Magus blaze,
Who wishes evil to the realm of France.

To him, may old Octavian appear
To warm with molten gold his belly's cold,
His be Saint Victors awful martyr's bier,
His body twixt two grinding millstones rolled,
May the sea swallow him, and ne'er restore,
Worse fate than ever whale-gulped Jonah bore.
May Mars destroy himself and all his race,
Banish him from sweet Venus' tender face,
From Juno's favour, Phoebus' radiance,
—As was King Sardanapalus' ill case—
Who wishes evil to the realm of France.

Prince, call the slaves of Aeolus to chase
This man to Glaucus' darkest forest place.
His be no peace, or hope, or lucky chance,
For he deserves no boon of princely grace,
Who wishes evil to the realm of France.

A MUZZLE MADE IN IRELAND

By Francis Hackett

THERE exists in this country a community of men and women of free minds. Some of them are Catholic by religion, some Protestant, but they have a conception of intellectual freedom in common, and with them are a number, of whom I happen to be one, who belong to no Church yet take religion seriously.

To this community I should like to address myself on the Censorship law, under which my own novel, "The Green Lion," has recently been banned.

A book is officially banned on the ground that in its general tendency it is obscene and indecent. As a piece of property it is instantly and irrevocably destroyed by this official ukase; one's livelihood, in so far as derived from Irish sales, is taken away, as well as access to the Irish public for whom the book was intended.

The material injury caused by this Censorship is evident. Less evident, and more important, is the moral injury, which is extremely serious. To protest against this injury is a public duty.

Whether a book is, in fact, indecent or the reverse, most readers cannot hope to judge since they cannot buy the book. But it is not really on this ground—whether or not a book is indecent—that the principle of Censorship can usefully be discussed. To me, I may say, it is simply incredible that any honest person could call "The Green Lion" obscene or indecent, but to assert the decency of my own work would put me in a false position. Apart from the fact that no man is a good judge in his own cause, the large question arises, What is decency? Decency varies with habit, since habit goes a long way toward making decency. What is indecent in Persia is decent in Cavan. It is still indecent in Persia, I think, for a woman to expose her face to the public gaze, yet the most prudish in Cavan do not lose their self-respect when gazed upon. In tough Chicago, I believe, the law still governs the bathing costume and calls for the concealment of nude female legs, while in Ireland one-piece bathing suits are to be seen on every beach. Once you study morals comparatively you become a little dizzy. Stonewall Jackson thought it immoral to fight a battle on a Sunday and though a professor he refused to read by any light except God's sunlight. There are certain

rules of conduct, of course, which can be reduced to law, and administered as law, but there are others still in flux, subject to private judgment, and the objection to a Star Chamber is its making up the law on these open questions as it goes along. Hence the warning, Judge not and ye shall not be judged.

To argue about the decency of any specific book is the wrong approach to the Censorship. Nor is the situation helped by relying on the fact that the Censors are sincere. The men who condemned Socrates undoubtedly thought themselves sincere. Bernard Shaw, in what has been called the noblest play since Shakespeare, has insisted how sincere were the judges who condemned Saint Joan of Arc. To come closer home, I can believe that the men who condemned our Easter patriots in 1916 were also sincere. But when a government appoints men to make policy by consulting their own personal opinions without any process of restriction or revision, it is clear that mistakes and injustices are invited. On the issue of decency, certainly, the most tyrannical opinions have been and can be sincerely maintained. And it is a commonplace that such tyranny breeds a revolt against decency as such, by exasperating human nature.

What I wish to lay before the community of free minds in Ireland is not the conundrum of the metaphysics on which our five Censors act, but the intolerable outrage of having them empowered to ban any book at all.

The Censorship law is repugnant to every instinct of a free man, ignorant in its conception, ridiculous in its method, odious in its fruits, bringing the name of self-governing Irishmen into contempt wherever the freedom of literature is understood, and revealing the muddle and immaturity of our statecraft. The worst law we tolerate in Ireland is possibly the Military Tribunal law. Next to it is this law by which a Censorship Board was imposed by President Cosgrave and accepted without the customary repudiation or revision by the present De Valera government. That the men most honoured in the republic of letters should have been besmirched by it is enough to bring it under suspicion, but those of them who are not citizens of Ireland cannot appeal to Irish opinion. It is, therefore, doubly laid on Irishmen whose work has been smudged by these Censors to revolt against an act that should stir every reader as well as every writer who has the spark of freedom in him.

For this Censorship is not aimed solely at those whose very life it is to be expressive. It tries to cripple the minds of the reading public as well. Curtailing here, repressing there, lopping off at one end, deterring at the other end, it eventually, by an action on which there is no power of restriction whatever, begins to limit and direct the reading of a whole people. It intimidates the booksellers, of course. It frightens the book reviewers and the editors. The very names of the books it debars from the public are not communicated by most of the Press. The assassination of these books is stealthy and the news of it would be entirely hidden if the Censors carried to its logical end the exercise of their pernicious principle. That is the path on which the Cosgrave government set the Irish readers, and it is down this degraded path that the De Valera government has guided them.

Pooh pooh, says the friend of the Censorship. Most of the books condemned are cheap and nasty. Only a few of them are by serious authors, and they can well afford to lose their Irish sales.

One is familiar with this sort of Laodicean in Ireland. But to anyone who knows the price that has had to be paid for the bare conditions of intellectual freedom in Europe since 1500, this return to the Black List is not indifferent. It is a caricature of democracy and all that is meant by it. And it is from the standpoint of democracy and the civic liberty it has won that the Censorship is mainly obnoxious.

A Church can endorse or restrict any reading it likes, so long as it is a voluntary association. The Presbyterian Truth Society, the Methodist Truth Society, the Catholic Truth Society, may dictate as seems fit to their members. But the State is an instrument fashioned by and for a heterogeneous society. The modern State has worked out democratic association on the very basis of intellectual freedom, and it is this multiplicity-in-unity which is the supreme hope for the development of the individual.

It is also, as Ranke has so well defined, the hope of nationality, and no one has insisted more intelligently on this division between the political and the ecclesiastical.

"Nations cannot suffer themselves to be debarred from exercising the understanding bestowed on them by nature, or the knowledge acquired by study, or an investigation of its truth. In every age, therefore, we see diversities in the views of religion

arise in different nations, and these again react in various ways on the character and condition of the State. It is evident, from the nature of this struggle, how mighty is the crisis which it involves for the destiny of the human race. Religious truth must have an outward and visible representation, in order that the State may be perpetually reminded of the origin and end of our earthly existence; of the rights of our neighbours, and the kindred of all the nations of the earth; it would otherwise be in danger of degenerating into tyranny, or of hardening into inveterate prejudice—into intolerant conceit of self, and hatred of all that is foreign. On the other hand, a free development of the national character and culture is necessary to the interests of religion. Without this, its doctrines can never be truly understood nor profoundly accepted: without incessant alternations of doubt and conviction, of assent and dissent of seeking and finding, no error could be removed, no deeper understanding of truth attained. Thus, then, independence of thought and political freedom are indispensable to the Church herself; she needs them to remind her of the varying intellectual wants of men, of the changing nature of her own forms; she needs them to preserve her from the lifeless iteration of misunderstood doctrines and rites, which kill the soul.

“It has been said,” the great German goes on, “the State is itself the Church, but the Church has thought herself authorised to usurp the place of the State. The truth is, that the spiritual or intellectual life of man—in its intensest depth and energy unquestionably one—yet manifests itself in these two institutions, which come into contact under the most varied forms; which are continually striving to pervade each other, yet never entirely coincide; to exclude each other, yet neither has ever been permanently victor or vanquished”

It is in the striving for “independence of thought and political freedom,” even as against the Church, that democracy has made the modern State what it is, the emancipator of the individual.

It is quite true that countries which became poisoned by the War of 1914-1918—a war carried beyond the point of sane endurance—have, in the past twenty years, injected into peace organization the mad intolerance of war, the corpses of eleven million Europeans festering in their sick memories. This does not alter the fact that, as between Church and State, the modern demo-

cracies have accepted the principles of free worship, a free press, free speech, free association. To deny these conditions is to imperil the State, since "intolerance is of the essence of every church, an immediate consequence of its faith that it possesses the only effective means for the salvation of the soul."

The standards of democracy, in this respect, are maintained by any Church that is temporarily at a disadvantage. When Russia is considered, or Mexico, or Spain, we know how promptly they are measured by the standards of Western liberalism. "When error prevails, it is right to invoke liberty of conscience: but when, on the contrary, the truth predominates, it is just to use coercion!" That, unfortunately, is the Augustinian opportunism we are too familiar with.

But the root of the Irish State is in "independence of thought and political freedom." And it is by this we must judge Censorship.

Without unimpeded access to books, books of every kind, there cannot be a free people or an intellectual aristocracy. There cannot be true public opinion. There cannot be a sound resort to the public mind. Once you begin censoring literature, you begin to de-cerebrate the public. Then the psychological defences are wiped out, and in the end any adventurer who covers the Parliament Buildings with enough machine guns, and seizes the microphone and the rotary press, can call himself to power. It is not armour-plate that has made England proof against dictatorship since Cromwell. It is a free political literature and the open process of intellectual discussion. The ambitions of dictatorship are bred like maggots in England as elsewhere, but they die with exposure to free opinion. That is the open, the many-sided process that a Censorship cripples. We have official Black Lists here, masquerading of course as a moral agency, helping the infant Irish to pick their steps through the mire of sex, but in reality foot-binding the Irish in other ways, so that our liberation, won after years of effort, is subordinated to a policy that authorizes intellectual boycott.

The Censorship is illiberal in its essence. It stands above the ordinary revisions of the law. It is arbitrary and irresponsible, denying the right of appeal or else granting appeal to a Minister of Justice who has never seen fit to lift the ban. To bind a reputable author hand and foot, to affix the words "obscene and indecent" to him, is of itself contrary to elemental justice,

but the final venom of this law is to allow interested parties to pass on books that concern them.

It may be said that this is a Catholic country ; and that the more Catholic the State is, the better it represents the majority of the people. If the object of the Church is to produce stagnation, the argument is sound. But no State is sound which does not accommodate its minorities. The more Catholic the Irish State makes itself, the more the Six Counties are alienated. The Irish State may, as Sean T. O'Kelly says, endorse wholeheartedly the Catholic system of education and co-operate with it fully ; but the necessary corollary of this statement is the sinister assertion that " the lost territory will be, with God's help, restored, *perhaps without bloodshed.*" Perhaps without bloodshed ! A religious war is not the sane prescription for an United Ireland.

Yet from this identification of Church and State there can only come the bullying of minorities.

President de Valera has refused to submit the question of annuities to a Commonwealth Tribunal which, he holds, might not be disinterested when Ireland is in the minority position. Yet President de Valera allows any book that is outspoken about the clergy to be submitted to a Board packed by the Catholic Church. How righteous he waxes when he lectures England on a just tribunal. How eloquent he was at Geneva when he took the Russians to task on religious tolerance, pointing to Ireland with unction. Yet in Ireland this censoring then existed and it had already been applied to the greatest living authors by men whose approach to literature necessarily leads with the most excruciating stupidity to sheer intolerance.

President de Valera is ever prompt to raise the cry of " justice." What justice is it to have a Board consisting of two priests, a Catholic ex-librarian and a Papal Chamberlain to decide whether or not a book on religion by Bernard Shaw is to be banned. I know, of course, that the nominal objection was to the woodcuts with which the book was illustrated, an objection so silly as to be unbelievable. I know also that there is a fifth wheel on the Censorship machine, a hostage Protestant. His could be the Diary of a Superfluous Man. It is quaint that so nationalist a government as ours should have installed a Thrift of Yorkshire to censor Irish reading.

But the Board has to be composed of men who misunderstand the liberal arts and lend themselves to obscurantism. This Board has, and must have, a Catholic bias. In Tennessee it would have the Calvinist bias. In Moscow it would have the Marxian bias. In Harlem it would have the Negro bias. The Cosgrave government made an attempt to recruit "liberal" censors, but this animal is not to be found in captivity. How could any free man of letters stoop to class H. G. Wells and Bernard Shaw with lewd authors? To class them with lewd authors is on the same level as classing political prisoners with criminals. President de Valera has been in prison under sentence of death. Was he a criminal to be thumb-printed with murderers? Yet he accepts a Board that thumb-prints authors of world reputation, and brands them as obscene and indecent in company with lewd writers who should be handled like all other criminals, by the police power.

The smug may say that in the matter of sex behaviour the level of the Irish is so much higher than the rest of the world, we must ban any literature that could contaminate us.

Complacency about our sex behaviour is not tenable. The Bishops' pastorals, to take one bit of evidence, do not permit it. No sociologist, in any event, could judge on this delicate matter until the government gave him the Crimes Report. Rape, incest, infanticide, homosexuality are to be found in Ireland, and the question of Irish sex superiority cannot be begged.

Let us admit that another campaign is tied up with the Censorship. Let us admit that to keep up discipline through regulating sex conduct is beyond doubt the aim of the Church, and that the Censorship was designed to serve this object: then we know that by obscene and indecent the Irish censors really mean any sex conduct not regulated according to Catholic practice. The Irish State, in other words, lends itself to a specific theology, and arms its theologians with the powers of the State.

This is the basic evil of the Censorship. "Religious liberty," as Ruggiero has said, "is violated by an ecclesiastical institution only when it attempts to enforce its intolerant prescriptions by invoking the sanctions of the civil power, either through the authority which it may itself possess under a theocratic form of government or through an external secular government." That is the harm the Catholic Church is doing to its free citizens

through the Irish Free State. It amounts to demanding that, to be deemed Irish, they must be specifically Catholic.

The injustice does not turn on the value of Catholic ideology. It turns on the imposition of this ideology by the State, with one Protestant Censor as a decoy.

What makes Censorship malign is its interference with the process of lay opinion. My opinion on sex behaviour, to take an example, may not be valuable, but in a free country it ought to be judged on its merits and not on its orthodoxy. The public should be allowed to judge, if freedom of speech means anything.

The basic evil of the Censorship is the invoking of the civil power by a religion; and this, as its history in Ireland has now fully shown to every free man, is due to the perfect incapacity of a Censorship to keep from turning into a heresy hunt.

The world has every reason to rule out heresy hunting. Quite good men worked for the Inquisition in Spain, but the ugly fruits of their protected intolerance are not yet fully harvested. Quite good men were no doubt employed in Russia to black out the free opinions of Tolstoy, but there too the crop is not yet cut. The well-meaning obscurantists in Tennessee who attack Darwin, on the other hand, are disinfected from the surrounding community, just as the new bourgeoisie in France, who prosecuted Gustave Flaubert in the effervescence of their fresh culture, came to be subdued by the free minds whose concepts had been maturing in France from Rabelais through Montaigne and Voltaire.

What handicaps Ireland at present is the cultural division between those who care for national liberty and those who care for intellectual liberty. It is a natural result of the historic struggle. But the time has come for those now moulding the State to admit that the problem of intellectual freedom exists.

The fallacy of the Censor everywhere is that free literature can be, or can have to be, orthodox. Ranke knew that the deeper understanding of truth is only attained by "incessant alternations." If literature is free, it must incessantly test orthodoxy. School-boards, universities, academies, churches, police courts—they can make their orthodoxies and fight for them, but when it comes to the public as a whole, to taxpayers as a whole, to modern citizens, any interference with their literary supply is a betrayal of the spontaneities that keep the national mind moving and

alive. To dam up this source is to empoison the best minds. What good was it for England and Ireland to block ultimate candour until a "Ulysses" ripened and burst? Can any Censorship shut off that explosion? The prim Irish in America did their best to sit on it, but the Federal Court of Appeals stepped between these zealots and a geyser of Dublin candour, so that the Dublin which is now imprinted on educated Americans is not the Dublin of decorum but this festering Dublin of James Joyce.

If enlightened public opinion in America has insisted on the free circulation of "Ulysses," how futile it must seem to have Aldous Huxley fanned out of here, and Ernest Hemingway, and Shaw and Wells. It makes us ridiculous. Such narrowness and bigotry in those who talked of "Freedom," such crude efforts to curb free writing and free reading, have reinforced the prejudices that, in America, have so long debarred Catholic Irish-Americans from important national office, or else admit them only if they leave Irishness behind. President de Valera is careful to talk "democracy" when he talks to America by microphone, but he does not tell American publicists that in free Ireland one can only criticize the Catholic clergy on terms that are acceptable to a national Censorship packed by the Church. And when Catholics of the Six Counties come to Dublin to enlist him on the side of tolerance, the fact that Shaw and Wells are to be banned in a "free" Belfast is naturally not dilated on.

Under guise of hunting out obscenity and indecency, the Catholic Church is giving the lie to every nationalist who, like myself, insisted day in and day out that Home Rule would not mean Rome Rule. Home Rule, through the action of the Censorship, does mean Rome Rule. My "Green Lion," I venture to think, is a case in point. It has been reviewed on every Continent since it was published and nowhere has it been said to be obscene, so far as I have learned. The Catholic librarian of a great Catholic university in the United States could not find anything to take exception to. I have just heard that one school in the United States asks its pupils to read it during vacation. Yet in this country it has been banned, to the best of my belief, because it speaks candidly of the Jesuit system of education, and of the gross intolerance of the clergy in the Parnell era, with its spiritual consequences to one youth in particular. The reasons for calling it indecent come, in my opinion, from a *parti-pris* so outrageous as to be beyond argument.

Yet one must be above-board. Our Censorship law has this merit: it is a flower of our native genius.

Around our necks, on our wrists and ankles, there have been many traditional gyves, many "galling chains." These restraints were put on us from outside, and to be enraged by them was highly natural when we thought of our rights as free men. But the Censorship is from inside. We cannot blame the wicked English for it. The nose-ring that our literature now wears is not a sign of conquest. It is a native Celtic ornament.

To disengage this little fact from our tangle of heaving historic memories is not to minimize the memories: to unload responsibility for as many of our blemishes as possible is in order, since a history of injured citizenship like ours does relieve us of nearly all blame. But in the seductive shade of historic grievance we are tempted to browse on the past, to indulge in patience and procrastination. The Censorship is not of the past. It is in the open, and of the present. The responsibility is ours.

It is this voluntary character of the Censorship that should finally be dwelt on. No one forced us to pass it. No one threatened us with instant and terrible war if we did not pass it. If it is evil and bigoted, it is we, the Irish people, who willed it. Do we intend to perpetuate it? That is the question I suggest to our community of free minds.

THE CROMWELLIAN

A Play in 2 Acts by L. MacManus

Time—THE LAND LEAGUE, 1885.

CHARACTERS.

PETER GORE	<i>The Cromwellian</i>
FATHER MULLARKEY	<i>The Parish Priest</i>
MR. WILSON	<i>The Rector of the Parish</i>
COLONEL COPE	<i>Unionist</i>
MULLIGAN	<i>A demagogue</i>
MCCORMICK	<i>A Shopkeeper</i>
MICHAEL HANLON	<i>A Servant to Peter Gore</i>
BRIDGET HANLON	<i>A Servant to Peter Gore</i>
THE WIDOW JOYCE.				
POTIN-MEN.				
THE SIX SAINTS.				

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A street in a small country town. McCormick stands in the doorway of his shop. To the right, just off the pavement are wooden cases and a barrel. Mulligan who has been sauntering down the street, stops at the door. He is a stout red-faced man, with a small head, fleshy neck, sleek dark hair, and prominent mulberry coloured eyes.

MCCORMICK (*from the doorway*): Taking a walk Mr. Mulligan !
It's a fine day at last. There's not much doing in the town.

MULLIGAN (*with his thumbs stuck into his coat sleeves at the armlets*):
Good-day, sir. Faith, it's time we had good weather with the snow and hail and wind we're after having. I'm greatly feared the country 'll suffer. And three estates in the district not yet bought out. The Congested Districts Board had better mind itself. We've got a string of questions to be asked in Parliament.

MCCORMICK: It's time it worked faster. Is there any news stirring ?

MULLIGAN : That new man back at Callow House has put out the Widow Joyce.

McCORMICK : Mr. Gore ?

MULLIGAN : The same. Peter Gore.

McCORMICK : She owes me a trifle. (*pauses*) Well, what else can one expect from him and his like. But their day is over. It's the last kick of the devil.

MULLIGAN : It must be brought before the League.

McCORMICK : It must, of course. The poor woman won't want friends with us.

MULLIGAN : I had her whole story from her. And it is as black a case as any landlord has done in Connacht. "Out with her !" says this fellow of a landlord, "out with her and her nine children ! they may sleep on the roadside," says he, "or in my dog-kennel," says he, "but by the curse of Cromwell they won't sleep any more in that house."

McCORMICK : Be damned ! but that's a fellow ! He was after saying that, was he ? It was an apt curse, and he and his planted there by Cromwell !

MULLIGAN : You'd pity the creature with her family. Nine children and but a year between each. Her husband, a decent sober man, slaved night and day to make a living on the land, and it's what it killed him. He's dead ten months now.

McCORMICK : This fellow's uncle was alive then. Himself's only been back at Callow four or five months.

MULLIGAN : That's all. I'm studying the case. Old Robert Gore was drinking himself to death when poor Patsy Joyce died, the Lord have mercy on the poor kilt man, for kilt he was with his trouble. The old villain was a black tyrant with the bottle in his hand all day and all night, so he was.

McCORMICK : He kept his trade to Dublin.

MULLIGAN : And he never asked one to share it with him. The beggars were afraid to go near the house. He would set the five dogs he had at them.

McCORMICK : Well, it's easy to know where he is now. But this fellow is as bad.

MULLIGAN : Aye, they were a black brood put there by Cromwell.

(One or two men who had been listening to Mulligan and McCormick, come nearer).

MULLIGAN *(glancing at them, and raising his voice)* : I tell ye, Mr. McCormick, I tell ye, gentlemen, it's a black case. We had our eye on the bloody black hearted tyrant old Robert Gore, whom the devil called to his account seven months ago. Some of us, gentlemen were patient. Wait, we said, and see now what the new man the lawyers are hunting for in Australia, or California, or India, or where ever they were looking, wait and see what kind he'll be. We gave him that chance, fellow-countrymen, though myself had little belief that anything good could be found in the Cromwellian brood. Well, what happened ? The lawyers found him, and was he any better than his uncle, gentlemen, was he any better ? Better ! he was worse. He's thrown the widow and the orphans on the roadside ! He ruled the blacks out in India, and he thinks he'll rule Irishmen in the same way.

A VOICE : Boycott him ! That'll show him where he is.

MULLIGAN : The people have turned against him. And it may be after to-morrow's meeting of the League the shops will refuse to serve him. Not a servant stays with him but old Michael Hanlon and his wife.

ANOTHER VOICE : They ought to go !

MULLIGAN : So they will. And then let the Cromwellian cook his own dinners and make his own bed !

FIRST VOICE : Where's the boat he had on the lake ?

MULLIGAN : I hear the bottom of the boat was rotten, and it sank in the night.

(Loud laughter).

MULLIGAN : Bedad ! he was fond of going out on the lake to fish but he'll be catching other fish if he does not mend his ways.

MCCORMICK *(pulling Mulligan by the sleeve)* : Come inside and have a drink. I don't want a crowd before the door.
(Re-enters shop).

MULLIGAN (*looking back at the men as he follows*): You may depend upon me, gentlemen, to see the poor woman gets her rights. (*Enters shop*).

ONE OF THE MEN: Old Mr. Gore wasn't as mean and hard as this Gore is. It's easy knowing why the boat was sunk.

THE SECOND MAN: It's as easy knowing as if ye saw a cask of porter spilt on the road. Many a bottle left the still on the island for old Gore, and he took it, and never let on to the police. But this fellow—blast his red head—sent for the police, and a good trade was lost on us.

FIRST MAN: Ah, wasn't he the dirty mean villain!

(They go into McCormick's shop. The Rector enters from the left. He is a tall thin man with a neatly trimmed iron-grey beard, and has an over-polished air and manner of speaking. He has a long pointed nose and close-set observant eyes. Colonel Cope enters from the right: a man with an erect figure, shaven, brick-red face, keen eyes, a clear, assertive voice, well-bred but commanding manner. He is smoking. They meet near McCormick's shop, stop and shake hands).

THE RECTOR: I am surprised to see you, Colonel. I heard you had gone abroad.

THE COLONEL: Not till the end of the week. I'm off to Cannes. Glad to get out of this country.

THE RECTOR: I envy you. I was in the South of France ten years ago, and had a delightful time and splendid weather. The country is indeed in a very unsettled state, and I fear I see no prospect of improvement, but rather that things will get much worse. Some of those who should be in our ranks are deserting us.

THE COLONEL: A coward or two has ratted. But on the whole our class stand shoulder to shoulder.

THE RECTOR: I saw Mr. Gore as I drove in. He was near his gate. I hesitated whether as a Christian minister I ought not to stop and speak to him, but the moment did not seem opportune. What do you think of him?

THE COLONEL: Think of him! Why he is one of your rats! If old Robert Gore led a racket of a life, this man leads a mean one.

THE RECTOR : I agree with you. Of course the late Mr. Gore was—to use an old fashioned expression—an open sinner, and for the last three years of his life I never saw him when I called. But I will give the devil his due. Bad as he was he understood his duty as a landlord and as a supporter of the Church of Ireland. He never failed to pay his yearly subscription to the Church of his parish, though I regret to add that he did not attend Divine Service.

THE COLONEL : How could he ? The man was drunk most of his time. Yet debauchee as the old fellow was, he had the instincts of a gentleman at bottom. I can't say the same for his successor. The man actually says he is a Nationalist.

THE RECTOR : Dear ! dear ! Yet I can quite believe it. He made most extraordinary pronouncements before me. I rather think he inclines to be a social reformer and has imbibed some of the worst doctrines of socialism. As a little joke, I'll tell you, Colonel, what he said to me. He said I had an unchristian heart.

THE COLONEL : Well, what did you say ?

THE RECTOR : He did not give me time to think of a suitable reply. He went on to affirm that I had not spoken the truth at a public meeting in Dublin, and had there told lies about the Papists, my fellow-countrymen as he called them. Not, that I, of course, deny they are my fellow-countrymen, though, as I am of English descent it might be questioned.

THE COLONEL : I'd like to lay my hunting crop over his shoulders. His little joke with me when I was fool enough to call upon the fellow thinking that he was one of us—was that I ought to fall in with the times, and do my duty by Ireland, he said, and sell my property at a dog's price, and turn Home Ruler, and sit on the bench with publicans !

THE RECTOR : Well ! Well ! This confirms my idea that he is a socialist. But to continue my story. He had the impudence to charge me with having told a lie when I stated on a platform in Dublin that we—an isolated band of Protestants—suffered persecution here in the west.

THE COLONEL : There's damn boycotting going on, but it is about land.

THE RECTOR : He demanded in a very rude and persistent way whether my parishioners were persecuted and unable to discharge the duties of daily life. He wished to know if old Grey and his sister, and Mr. Browne's gate-keeper and six children, and the occasional Protestant policeman, suffered persecution, or were annoyed by R.Cs. on their way to church. Or whether in my second parish you, or others, suffered. Of course I could name distinct cases of persecution. But I had not so much a concrete case in view when I addressed the meeting in Dublin, as a general one of the life of the Protestants in the west.

THE COLONEL (*frankly*) : Look here, Rector, I don't believe in the persecution. Haven't seen any case of it myself. But it's these damned Nationalist fellows, these rebels, that are ruining the country. And this man, Gore, is not fit for my company, or for any of our class. Let him associate with his Nationalist swine !

THE RECTOR : I am afraid we shall have to drop him. Are you going down the street ? (*Father Mullarkey enters from the right*). If you have no objection I will accompany you. (*They walk on*).

THE COLONEL : Every decent person, of course, will drop the fellow !

THE RECTOR : Certainly.—I see the Parish Priest coming down the street. He is one of the firebrands, and we do not now speak. So, you intend to leave us, Colonel. (*They pass off by the left. Father Mullarkey strolls forward. He is a short stout man with a rugged face, a strong, humourous mouth and a broad forehead. He takes snuff*).

PARISH PRIEST (*smiling*) : He couldn't face me. It's the races of Castlebar ! (*suddenly frowning*) I'll face him yet and charge him with his lies that he told up in Dublin.

(*Mulligan saunters out of the shop*).

MULLIGAN : Good-day, Father.

PARISH PRIEST : Good-day, Tom. Fine weather for the spring work.

MULLIGAN : It is, thank God. I hear the poor Widow Joyce won't have much tilling to do.

PARISH PRIEST : That's a sad case, Tom. The poor woman put out of her house, and her nine children with her.

MULLIGAN : It's not a case to be let alone, Father.

PARISH PRIEST : It's not. But Mr. Gore is quite obstinate.

MULLIGAN : What else can ye expect, Father, from the black Cromwellian ?

PARISH PRIEST : I am afraid he has a black heart.

MULLIGAN : It would be well to bring the case before the League to-morrow.

PARISH PRIEST : It will be advisable to deal with it.

MULLIGAN : Did ye hear that he said the League was like to become a social tyranny.

PARISH PRIEST : I did, Tom, and that he said some of the shop keepers were gombeen men.

MULLIGAN : The liar ! But what do ye think, Father, he had the impudence to say that the dues of some priests were too high.

PARISH PRIEST : Mr. Gore told me that himself when I called on him.

MULLIGAN (*scandalized*) : Do ye tell me that, Father ? Has he no manners ? Ah ! he's low fellow, that's what he is entirely.

PARISH PRIEST : Well, it's clear no one likes him. Old Robert Gore, bad as he was, wasn't half so disliked. But they are a bad breed, that's the fact.

MULLIGAN : They are, faith, and ever were ! But their power's gone. We'll make it hot for him.

PARISH PRIEST : We could have a meeting at the gate if he doesn't reinstate the poor woman.

MULLIGAN : I'd be willing to speak myself. I have the woman's case taken down. (*A man enters the stage from the right*). I'd put it very strong, and show this fellow it's not with blacks he's after dealing.

PARISH PRIEST : If we have the meeting you'll have to make a speech of course, Tom. (*Moving on*) I must be off, I have a sick call down the town.

MULLIGAN (*As man advances*) : There is Michael Hanlon that was mean enough to stay when the rest of the servants left.

PARISH PRIEST: Leave him alone, he's a crooked character.
(*Goes off by the left*).

(*The man comes nearer. He is elderly, grey-haired, straight-backed, slow in his movements; wears a top-hat and old overcoat and carries a basket on his arm. He is about to pass Mulligan, when the latter greets him*).

MULLIGAN: A fine day, Hanlon.

HANLON: A fine day, thank God.

MULLIGAN (*stiffly*): Did ye walk into the town? I see ye have to carry the load back with ye.

HANLON (*stiffly*): There are them that were following their father carrying the bag from house to house, that are great men now. I can ride or walk as my business takes me.

MULLIGAN: Are ye still out there?

HANLON: Where?

MULLIGAN: Out there, at Callow House.

HANLON: Since ye ask me, I am.

MULLIGAN: Whose in the house with ye?

HANLON: My wife.

MULLIGAN: All the servants have gone, I hear.

HANLON: They're not.

MULLIGAN: They are, man. Don't be after lying.

HANLON: After lying! Aren't there two servants in the place, Bridget and meself.

MULLIGAN: No man who had any respect for himself, or spirit, would stay with that fellow Gore. Hasn't he turned the widow and the poor orphans out on the road!

HANLON: Sure, the masther wants to put them in the barn till she has the new house built.

MULLIGAN: The barn! A nice draughty place for young children and a wake woman to be living in. Did ye ever read history, Michael Hanlon?

HANLON: I didn't—beyond your own.

MULLIGAN: Ye have heard of Cromwell?

HANLON: I have.

MULLIGAN: The bloodiest villain that ever came into Ireland. He took the whole of the country and broke it up and gave it to his soldiers, save a barony or two. This fellow Gore's ancestor was one of the worst of the gang, and

he got the slice at Callow. He's going to lose it now, thank God, and it's surprising that you and your wife would stay with him.

HANLON : Arrah ! man, don't be talking ! Am I going to give up the place I've been in since I was born ? I am too old to be out on the waves of the world.

MULLIGAN : It's not for love of the Gores ye stay on for ?

HANLON : It's love of meself.

MULLIGAN : It won't answer. Ye'll have to leave.

HANLON : And why should I leave ? Amn't I paying them out father and son and grandfather and all that went up to Cromwell, by staying. Isn't he thrembling every day lest I should leave him ? Is not that a good whip over him ?

MULLIGAN : The people are talking of you, Hanlon.

HANLON : The devil take them and their talking !

MULLIGAN : There's no spirit in you.

HANLON : Don't be troubling. I'll find some down the town
(moves on).

MULLIGAN (*calling after him as the two potin-men emerge from McCormick's shop, each wiping his lips with the back of his hand*) : It'll go hard with ye to get it, ye old omadhaun. It's not at the whiskey or porther bar you'll be meeting it (*glances at the men*). It's the bar of justice that land grabbers and landlords and tyrants are summoned to. The bar of justice that Gore, who threw out the widow and orphans, will have to stand before.

THE MEN : Hear, hear ! Mr. Mulligan ye're a grand speaker. Out with Gore !

MULLIGAN : The poor widow—

A MAN : God help her !

MULLIGAN : The base Cromwellian.

SECOND MAN : The mean villain !

MULLIGAN : Gentlemen, fellow countrymen, after to-morrow no one will speak to him. We'll drive him out of the country.

MEN : Please God, we will !

SCENE II.

A room in Callow House. Hanlon and Bridget moving about, setting things in order. Bridget: grey-haired, plump, pleasant-looking. There are two doors in the room.

BRIDGET: Leave his book there, Michael.

HANLON: It's a wonder the way he does be reading. You'll find him many an hour of the day with his hands stuck in his hair, and a book before him. That's not how the ould masther would be getting on.

BRIDGET: It was not, indeed, the Lord have mercy on him. This one's quite, and it's little trouble he is giving us. But I do be missing the ould masther, and the bells going, and the way he'd be flinging the furniture about when the drink was in him.

HANLON: Thru. The house feels lonesome, when you do be looking back to how the ould masther would be tramping through, shouting and cursing. God have mercy upon him.

BRIDGET: I do be jumping up in the kitchen when I hear a bell, and I go in all of a thremble, and there's the new masther sitting with the book before him, and his head the colour of a tree in autumn, and not a curse or a word out of him for a minute. And when he speaks it's "Will ye please do this, will you please do that."—Ma'sead, Michael, I'm fond of the creature.

HANLON: They want us to leave him.

BRIDGET: Bad luck to them! Where would we be going?

HANLON: We have a snug place here. Sure, I was born over the stable. And the home you've been in all your life is like standing abreast in a nest of ranuch and brier, and the trails of the brier holding on to your clothes, and you'd be tearing big holes in your clothes and skin if you try to get out.

(A bell rings. Hanlon looks from the window).

HANLON *(with angry surprise)*: Hanam an diabhal! who do you think is ringing at the door like any lady coming up in her carriage? It's Mary Joyce and her nine children! By my soul! I never seen such impudence! It's well the

ould mather's not in it, or she'd have every dog at her ! I'll send her round quick enough to the back." (*Leaves the room*).

BRIDGET : I must go and look after the dinner now. (*Leaves the room*).

(*Peter Gore comes in by a door on the right. He is between thirty and forty, short, red-haired, slight, with a brow that wrinkles every now and then when he speaks ; quiet-looking, even diffident. He goes to the table, and sitting down before it, opens a book, putting his elbows on the table, and his hands against his head. The door on the left presently opens and Hanlon comes in.*)

HANLON : That woman's outside, sir.

(*Peter Gore goes on reading.*)

HANLON : I told her it was no use her coming here, sir.

(*Peter Gore raises his head.*)

PETER GORE : What woman ?

HANLON : The Widow Joyce, sir.

PETER GORE : Bring her in. Perhaps she will go into the barn.

HANLON : She's got the nine with her, sir.

PETER GORE : Bring them into the hall.—Wait ! (*as Hanlon moves towards door on the left*). Tell your wife to get them some food, Hanlon.

HANLON : I will, sir. They look famished, the creatures, but the devil mend that woman ! (*Goes out*).

(*Peter Gore goes on reading.*)

PETER GORE (*reading aloud slowly to himself*) : " Be sincere : Sincerity is as the face of God. Aspire : Aspiration has wings ; on them the soul, breathing after the divine, reaches the gates of paradise."

(*There is a scuffling noise outside the door ; a woman's meek yet firm voice, and Hanlon's raised tones.*)

HANLON : I tell ye, ye can't bring the whole lot in here !

WOMAN'S VOICE : See now, let me be, till I show him the lot.

(*The door opens, and a woman, an old shawl over her head, comes in. Her expression is meek, but lips and chin are resolute ; her eyes are a pale, watery blue ; her hair, as much as can be seen of it, is like faded straw. She carries a child in her arms. Hanlon guards the door. Peter Gore looks up from the book. Then after a moment's glance across the room, looks at the woman.*)

PETER GORE : Good day. I hear you want to see me.

WIDOW JOYCE (*in a thin slow voice*) : I do, sir, with me wake family.

PETER GORE (*laying one hand on the table, wrinkling his brow and speaking with hesitation*) : Well, what do you want to say ?

WIDOW JOYCE : If you please, sir, I'm afther seeing Mr. Mulligan, and he wants to know if you are going to let me back in my house.

PETER GORE : Mr. Mulligan ? I do not know him. This is no one's business but yours and mine. Will you go into the barn ?

(*Widow Joyce coughs slightly, then speaks placidly but firmly.*)

WIDOW JOYCE : I will not, sir.

PETER GORE : Is this your decision ?

WIDOW JOYCE : It's my own house I'll have, and no other.

PETER GORE : But your house is unsafe, and will fall on you and your children and kill you. Now, if you will go into my barn, like a sensible woman, I'll have your cabin pulled down, and a new house built when I can get men to work for me.

WIDOW JOYCE (*breaking into a copious flow of words*) : It's my house I want, sir, and it's safe enough if it had new rafters and a bit of mortar in the wall that's falling out. And Jimmy Murtagh would put a new thatch on if I asked him, a decent civil man he is. My father and mother lived there before me, and I brought himself into it—as fine a young man as ye'd see from this parish to the next—the Lord have mercy on his soul to-day, and on the poor, wake children and meself with the waves of the world before us, and if it wasn't for the neighbours, God knows where we'd be. I'd ask ye, sir, to be looking at my fine little family, and for God's sake let us back into the house where me father was born and meself and the nine children will be praying for you night and day.

(*Peter Gore's brow wrinkles again. He turns his eyes away from the woman and fixes them across the room.*)

PETER GORE : Mrs. Joyce, your house is not fit for a pig to live in. You and your children would die of consumption there—if it did not first tumble on your heads. Your husband died of it, and one of your little boys has a cough. Now be a wise woman and live in my barn till I can get men to work for me again.

WIDOW JOYCE (*fingering her shawl*) : Ye won't let me back ?

PETER GORE : In the cabin ? No.

WIDOW JOYCE (*drawing her shawl about her*) : Then, I'll be saying good day to ye, sir, and may ye never know what it is to be without a roof over your head. (*Looks towards the door guarded by Hanlon*). Come, the lot of yese, we'll trust ourselves to them that will help us.

(*Goes to the door. Peter Gore rises and crossing the room, goes out by the door on the right, but does not close it after him*).

HANLON : The sorra mend you, woman ! Why don't you go into the barn. There's a fire-place in it where the ould masther used to boil for the hens.

WIDOW JOYCE (*her voice a note higher*) : It's not with Mr. Gore's hens I'm going to live ! And many a one is now talking of you, Michael Hanlon, and of your wife for staying on here with a one whose family has the curses of the people.

HANLON : Ah ! *Ma'sead* ! Ye always had the temper, and the poor man that's gone knew it well. Will ye go down to the kitchen ? Look at the children ! They're smelling the food !

WIDOW JOYCE (*her voice still ascending*) : Smelling the old gulls is it that himself shoots out on the lough for his dinner, or a bit of the bullocheen that died of the murain ! It's throwing scorn and the curses of the orphans I am on him and all that went before him. The black brood that came in with Cromwell !

HANLON : Ah ! go to the devil, woman !

(*The Widow Joyce goes out. Hanlon crosses the room and makes up the fire. Peter Gore re-enters from the other door : goes to the mantle-piece, takes up his pipe, puts tobacco in the bowl slowly, lights it, then sits down in an arm chair*).

PETER GORE (*after a few puffs*) : Hanlon.

HANLON : Yes, sir.

PETER GORE : Take that seat (*points to a chair. Hanlon obeys. Peter Gore smokes for a few moments in silence. Hanlon sits stiff and erect on the chair*).

PETER GORE : Hanlon.

HANLON : Yes, sir.

PETER GORE : You have told me that your father was a servant here.

HANLON : He was, sir. The Lord have mercy upon him. He died in the room over the horse-stable.

PETER GORE : And you have been here a great many years.

HANLON : All my life—fifty-four years, and I knew your father well—the Lord be good to him this day.

(*A pause. Peter Gore fixes an absorbed gaze before him. After a silence he speaks*).

PETER GORE : We have a bad name, have we not, Michael ?

(*Hanlon, a hand on each knee, gives a careless jerk to his head*).

HANLON : Ye haven't, sir. It's only them liars that do be going round the parish telling every story on this one and that.

PETER GORE : Michael, we have a bad name, and you know it. Don't tell lies. I hate lies. My Uncle Robert was hated.

HANLON (*smoothly*) : The people didn't rightly understand him. He could curse well. I was afeared to vex him myself. But, sure, that was no great harm a few curses.

PETER GORE : He was hard and cruel, and bad altogether.

HANLON (*giving up the defence*) : They do be saying the devil took him when he died. He died as ye'd put out the candle with your finger and thumb. He had told me to set the dogs on a beggar at the door, and I was just afther telling the man to be off, when I heard a great pull of the bell in this room, and I ran back and found the masher black in the chair.

PETER GORE : And his father—my grandfather, what was the worst thing you ever heard of him ?

HANLON : Ah ! They say he was the lad ! He was bad to the poor, and he drove your father out into the world.

PETER GORE : And my great grandfather ?

HANLON : There are stories told of him hanging the people in '98.
He was out with the Yeos.

PETER GORE : And his father—but perhaps that's too far back for you to have heard of him.

HANLON : That might be Peadar Ruadh. Oh, he was the devil himself, they say. That one drowned his wife out in the lough, and got another man hung for it that hadn't hand or part in it. He was as cunning as the devil.

(Peter Gore muses for a few moments.)

PETER GORE : I have a great deal to do.

HANLON : That's true, sir, if we could get the men to work for us. The garden wants digging, and there's ploughing to be done.

PETER GORE : It's other work, I mean. I want to wipe out the sins of my forefathers.

HANLON : I wouldn't be after troubling about them, sir. They're dead, God be good to their souls, and in their own place.

PETER GORE : It is evident that I am disliked.

HANLON *(in a loud tone of assurance)* : Indeed you're not, sir. You're as well liked as any gentleman in the county.

(Peter Gore's eyes flash.)

PETER GORE : Leave the room ! I won't have lies ! How dare you lie to me !

(Hanlon rises.)

HANLON : God be good to him, but you're like the ould masther, sir. It heartens me to hear you speak just the world like him. But it wasn't lies he'd be shouting about.

PETER GORE : Sit down, Michael. I have a short temper. But you must speak the truth to me. Now, I am going to see if I can't make friends with every one.

HANLON : *Ma'sead !* It is little loss they are ! And I wouldn't let it prey on me, sir, their talk.

PETER GORE : I have a plan.

HANLON : I don't know what's coming to the people, they are not what they used to be.

PETER GORE : All these discordant elements should meet. When we stand at a distance from our neighbours we only see their faults.

HANLON : There're some I wouldn't have near me !

PETER GORE : A friendly talk with those who differ from me, and from one another, might make much right.

HANLON (*doubtfully*) : It might, sir.

PETER GORE : I'll tell you what I mean to do, Michael, I shall ask these people to dine with me on the 17th of March.

HANLON : Saint Patrick's Day.

PETER GORE : On that day. Have you ever read Saint Patrick's Confession, Michael. That great soul opens his confession with these words : " I, Patrick, the sinner, am the most untutored and the least of all the faithful and am held in contempt by many."

HANLON : Then he had the English after all. And the Gaelic League organizer, after Mass, said Irish was his language.

PETER GORE : It was Latin. Latin he wrote in. There was no English then.

HANLON : Who will you be afther asking, sir ?

PETER GORE (*slowly*) : The officials of the local branch of the Land League, Colonel Cope, Father Mullarkey, the Rector, Mr. Wilson, and several others.

HANLON (*astonishment on his face*) : God help ye, sir. They would never sit down at the same table. Colonel Cope is an Orangeman and a strong Unionist, and wouldn't meet the League, and Mr. Wilson and Father Mullarkey haven't said good day to each other since Mr. Wilson said that he and his wife, and old Grey, and the Protestant policeman were going in fear of their lives here.

PETER GORE : All the greater reason they should meet and talk over their differences. My idea, Michael, is that we should meet in peace on the day we keep in memory of Saint Patrick. All Irishmen can unite in honouring him.

(*Rises, puts his pipe on the mantelpiece, and goes out by the door on the right*).

HANLON : They were all strong cursing men, the Gores, with a tight fist on the money, but this one's mad ! To think that lot would sit together !

Curtain.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The same room in Callow House, Peter Gore, carrying several parcels, comes in. He wears a hat and an overcoat, and is followed by Hanlon who bears a hamper.

PETER GORE : Everything has come, I think, the stationmaster said these parcels came by the last goods' train yesterday.

HANLON : I have the list, sir. I'll call to Bridget. *(Puts down hamper and goes back to the door)*. Are ye there, Bridget ? The masther's back from the station with the things for the dinner-party.

PETER GORE : The flowers will come from Dublin to-morrow.

(Bridget comes in).

HANLON : Take the groceries out to the kitchen, Bridget. The meat from Dublin is in the trap.

BRIDGET : I've got the fowls plucked. How many are coming, sir ?

PETER GORE : I don't know yet.

(Takes off his hat and overcoat. The servants count the parcels, and then carry them out. Peter Gore takes up a book, opens it and reads).

PETER GORE *(reading aloud)* : " Those whom the world call fanatics and madmen because they follow the light they see, are neither fanatics nor madmen. Any light is better than darkness, even the light over a graveyard, or a morass, because it is light and has separated itself from death and the gulf."

(Hanlon comes in).

HANLON : I see Mr. Wilson at the door, sir. Will I show him in here ?

PETER GORE : The Rector ? Yes, show him in here.

(Hanlon goes out).

PETER GORE : I shall now know whether he will be my guest to-morrow.

(Lays down the book. The door re-opens, and Hanlon stalks into the room).

HANLON (*loudly*) : Mr. Wilson, sir !

(*The Rector enters. Hanlon retires, shutting the door slowly behind him*).

PETER GORE (*advancing, his hand held out*) : I am glad to see you, Mr. Wilson.

THE RECTOR (*taking the hand with loose fingers and then dropping it*) : No, I will not sit down, thank you. I only came in for a minute. You were kind enough to invite me to dine here to-morrow evening, Mr. Gore.

PETER GORE : I hope you will come.

THE RECTOR : Thank you, but I am afraid it will be impossible. After some thought I felt compelled to call to express in a clearer form than perhaps I could in a letter, my reasons for having to refuse your invitation.

PETER GORE : Then you will not come ?

THE RECTOR : If my conversation and advice could be of any help to you, you may be sure I would not neglect my duty and should readily appear at your table. But as I hear you have invited several persons of a different social rank from your own, and of a different religion, I must add—and though I am willing to meet all classes in a friendly spirit—yet in this case there are certain circumstances connected with these persons which forbid me, as a Christian minister, from meeting them.

PETER GORE : Yes ?

THE RECTOR : First they are members of an association that there can be no doubt upholds boycotting, cattle-driving, and even worse outrages. Secondly, as they are not members of the Church of Ireland, and have bitter feelings towards the few, scattered members of that Church in this neighbourhood and the west generally—my presence amongst them could only stir up fresh rancour. Therefore on principle I cannot accept your invitation.

PETER GORE (*diffidently*) : What principle ?

THE RECTOR (*with dignity*) : Those in which I have been trained from youth. The principles of a gentleman and a clergyman.

PETER GORE (*still diffidently*) : You have more than one in bringing you to this decision ?

THE RECTOR : Yes, several, and all high rules of conduct.

PETER GORE (*wrinkling his forehead*): There was a feast—it was long ago—and the guests were not select, and the Sinless One sat amongst them.

THE RECTOR (*some reproof in his tone*): The comparison verges on blasphemy, I think, Mr. Gore.

PETER GORE: Some of my guests are publicans, and we are all sinners.

THE RECTOR (*moving towards the door*): I am afraid I cannot stay any longer. (*Pauses*) but I will add, if I may, a word of advice: You cannot touch pitch and not be defiled.

PETER GORE (*rather eagerly*): May I explain why I have issued these invitations? Perhaps you will help me when you know. By meeting those whom we disagree with in a kindly spirit, we shall find what good lies below their actions, and find too, I believe, fine ideals and honest hopes, where now we can only see things that appear to us base and ignoble.

THE RECTOR (*shaking his head*): I see you are quixotic. I assure you you might as well tilt with a windmill as try to bring harmony among the factions in this country. I am an Irishman—I am not ashamed to say I am an Irishman—and I see a very gloomy outlook for the country. Good day.

(*The Rector goes out. Hanlon presently comes in*).

HANLON: Here's a letter, sir.

(*Peter Gore takes it*).

HANLON: The postman—the devil tie his tongue for impudence—told me only he was a government man, he wouldn't be coming to the door.

(*Peter Gore opens the letter, reads it, then reads it again slowly aloud to himself*).

“Dear Sir, in view of your political opinions, it would be impossible for me, even if I were in Ireland, to accept your invitation for the 17th. Yours faithfully, George Vansiltart Cope, late Colonel Leicestershire Rifles.”

HANLON (*lingering*): Is there another parcel, sir?

(*Peter Gore studies the letter a little longer, then looks up*).

PETER GORE : Colonel Cope will not dine here to-morrow.

HANLON : He got a stroke, I believe, out in India, sir, and has to keep quite. The doctor, I hear, ordered him to give up dhrinking. He'll not be much loss.

PETER GORE : He does not drink.

HANLON : Maybe so. I'm only saying what I'm after hearing. But there's many believe it.

(A bell rings).

PETER GORE : There's someone at the hall-door, Hanlon.

HANLON *(going to the door and speaking in a loud encouraging tone)* : They're making the bell easy for the lot that'll be here to-morrow.

(Goes out. Peter Gore puts the letter on the mantelpiece, and sitting in an easy chair, fills his pipe from his tobacco pouch. While thus engaged, Hanlon returns).

PETER GORE : Who is it ?

HANLON : Mr. Mulligan of the town, wishes to see you sir.

PETER GORE : Another of my guests. Show him in.

(Hanlon goes out. After a short interval Mulligan enters. He wears a new overcoat ; and keeps on his hat. Peter Gore rises).

PETER GORE *(holding out his hand)* : Good-day, Mr. Mulligan, I hope I shall see you and your friends here to-morrow.

MULLIGAN *(standing in the middle of the room, and just raising his hat)* : I had better say at once I have come here as a delegate.

PETER GORE : I am glad to see you however you come.

MULLIGAN : I am also charged to deliver a letter from the Hon. Secretary of the Land League. *(Fumbles in his pocket).*

PETER GORE : To say that your officials will dine with me to-morrow, I hope.

MULLIGAN *(finding the letter and opening it)* : You're too sanguine, Mr. Gore. I must ask ye to give a close attention to this. *(Clears his throat, and prepares to read).*

MULLIGAN *(reading)* : " Sir, I am instructed by the members of the Callowmore branch of the L. L. to thank you for your invitation to dine with you on the evening of March the 17th, and to state that it would be impossible for them to accept the same for the following reasons. First, your family have had a bad record towards the

people for generations, and, while allowing that each man stands on his own merits, we regret to say that your own treatment of the people appears to be no better than your forbears. Secondly, till the notorious case of the Widow Joyce is settled, and the poor woman reinstated in her home, the members can have neither friendly nor social intercourse with you. James Doyle, Hon. Sec., Callowmore Branch of the L. L."

PETER GORE: I am sorry that letter was written.

MULLIGAN: It would be well to weigh it.

PETER GORE: The scales of Life are there, eternally adjusted. It is our weights that are wrong.

MULLIGAN: Are you insulting the town, Mr. Gore?

PETER GORE: Oh, no. I am not thinking of half-pounds, and pounds, and stone-weight of iron. It is of the gold, and feathers, and straws that we put in the scales.

MULLIGAN (*aside*): Ha! dhrinking at this hour of the day! (*to Peter Gore*) I have come here, Mr. Gore, as a delegate.

PETER GORE: So you have told me.

MULLIGAN: At a meeting of the Land League held last week, the case of the poor Widow Joyce was brought before the members, I, indeed, myself it was that told them all her wrongs.

PETER GORE: She's a very obstinate woman.

MULLIGAN: It's our opinion, and the opinion of the countryside—as ye will find out, Mr. Gore—that she's a very badly treated woman. You have turned her and her weak family out on the road.

PETER GORE (*mildly*): I offered her my barn.

MULLIGAN (*waxing warm*): Your barn! I tell ye, sir, the people have their feelings! Would ye offer the cold, blasty shelter of a barn, and the company of rats to a feeble woman and her nine? It's what the Turks would do!

PETER GORE: Have you seen her cabin? It's falling down. It's the size of a kennel. It reeks with the germs of consumption.

MULLIGAN: And who's to blame for all that, who, sir, but you and yours! But that shelter is home to her—home, filled with memories of them who went before her there. Round that small, white-washed cottage she skipped

as a child, and her little feet she warmed by the hearth, and she brought the man of her choice in the flower of her youth under its thatch.

PETER GORE (*briefly*): Would you have her and her children killed?

MULLIGAN (*not noticing the question*): We have laid down a principle—

PETER GORE (*interrupting*): Ah! I should like to hear your principles.

MULLIGAN: What we go on is that no one (that is, out in the country) is to be turned out of their house and holding, no matter what the house is like, or what state it's in. That's our rule.

PETER GORE: A very bad rule.

MULLIGAN: It's one Cromwell wouldn't think well of, indeed!—
I ask ye, now, Mr. Gore, will ye put her back?

PETER GORE: No.

MULLIGAN: Then since you're after refusing to put the poor widow and her orphans back in their home, as the delegate of our committee I must deliver my message. The League will hold a meeting near your gate the day after Saint Patrick's to protest against your tyranny. There will be speakers there, Mr. Gore, that'll show you up. I, myself, can give a sketch of your ancestors.

PETER GORE: They were bad. But they are dead, and they now repent. Tell the speakers I shall have places laid for them at my table to-morrow.

MULLIGAN (*laying the letter on a table*): Ye've had your answer, and I've had mine. Good day.

(*Goes out. Hanlon presently looks in.*)

HANLON (*hastily*): Father Mullarkey's coming to the door, sir.

(*Disappears. Peter Gore takes up the letter, and looks at it.*)

PETER GORE (*reading slowly*): "Every man stands on his own merits." (*looks up*)—Worth, they mean. But these things are beyond the eyes of the flesh. They touch Heaven, and they touch Hell. No man can see the soul of our actions.

(*Father Mullarkey comes in, pauses when not far from the door. His tone is hurried.*)

THE PRIEST : I am just returning from a sick call, Mr. Gore, and as I was passing your gate I thought I'd look in for a minute.

PETER GORE : I am very glad to see you. You have had my letter ?

THE PRIEST : I had. I have another engagement for to-morrow. I only looked in to ask if you have come to any fresh decision about the poor Widow Joyce.

PETER GORE : If you mean that I will allow her to return to her cabin, I will not allow her.

THE PRIEST : It's no use going against the people, Mr. Gore. And I must tell you you have made yourself very unpopular, and I am afraid there will be a meeting held to denounce you.

PETER GORE : Yes, I have heard that there will be one.

THE PRIEST : It's very hard to keep in the people when they're roused. I'd give you friendly advice, for I don't want to have any disturbance in the parish.

PETER GORE (*as if to himself*) : " And they took stones and stoned him."

THE PRIEST : If you were one of my flock I wouldn't mind so much your being publically denounced, but I'll have Mr. Wilson saying that we're persecuting a Protestant. It would be no use telling him that it's not a matter of religion, but a poor widow being wronged. It will give them a fine handle up in the North, so it will !

PETER GORE : Public opinion does not matter, does it ?

THE PRIEST : Well, I think it does. We ought to live in Christian Charity with one another. And there're too many lies already being told on platforms.

PETER GORE : That is why I have invited you all to dinner, that we may talk over our differences with charity.

THE PRIEST : Your intention is good, but your actions are wrong. Your intention for the dinner I mean is good ; but what's that without the acts.

PETER GORE : You see the faces of many souls in the Confession, Father.

THE PRIEST (*slowly nodding his head*) : I do.

PETER GORE : Well, the face of my soul is shadowed and confused with the shadows and confusion of life, but the heart of my soul is in light.

THE PRIEST (*after a pause*) : You were out in India, Mr. Gore, and other hot countries, I believe.

(*Peter Gore does not reply*).

THE PRIEST : Well, I must be off. And I shall be glad to hear from you that you have changed your mind about the Widow Joyce.

(*Goes out*).

(*Peter Gore stands still. Hanlon presently comes in. He moves about the room for a few moments in silence*).

HANLON : Will Bridget be getting the dinner ready for to-morrow, sir ?

PETER GORE : Yes. Tell her to have everything ready by to-morrow evening.

HANLON : I hear Father Mullarkey is off to Balla to-morrow, sir.

PETER GORE : The table shall be spread, Michael, perhaps the guests will come.

HANLON (*diplomatically*) : They might after all. But it's little loss to be without that man Mulligan from the town, and his friends, and it's many would be better pleased to have the place of Colonel Cope than himself. I seen those that think little of Mr. Wilson, among the few in his church. Old Grey and his sister had their jaws sthretched with the yawns they let out. And it's well known that Father Mullarkey never dines with any one but the bishop.

PETER GORE : Give me that book, Hanlon—that one—thank you. Now, I would like to be alone.

[*Curtain.*]

ACT II.

SCENE II.

A room in Peter Gore's house. A table spread with food, and decorated with flowers. Chairs before it. Hanlon comes in. He has shamrock in his button-hole. Lights on the table.

HANLON : God bless us ! The poor masther's mad. (*Surveys the table*) all the food and wine that's in it, and no one but himself to be facing it !—Bridget !

(Bridget comes in, carrying flowers).

HANLON : Whisper now, the masther's mad.

BRIDGET : Sure if he is, it's no harm to humour him. (*Puts more flowers on the table*).

HANLON : Well, that good may be to him ! (*settles things on the table*). He has enough here.

BRIDGET : It's a pity the country's against him, and he not doing a sorra ha'porth of harm.

HANLON : The devil mend that Mary Joyce ! The League's holding a meeting at the gate to-morrow—the scall-crow of a woman !

BRIDGET : I'd let her back in the cottage, and stop her mouth till the roof falls in on her.

HANLON (*gloomily*) : I'm afeared, Bridget, there'll be some harm done us.

BRIDGET (*stopping suddenly in her task*) : Do ye keep in at night, Michael. I often told you not to be out late.

HANLON (*more gloomily*) : There's blackguards that would be afther any mischief. Who dhrowned the boat out there in the lough ? The devil sweep away Mulligan ! He'll skin the masther to-morrow with his dirty tongue.

BRIDGET : Maybe the people won't mind his talk.

HANLON : They will. And great as he is now there was a time when he was following his father's ass-cart without a shoe on his foot, and old Mulligan looking for the bottles and jam-pots.

BRIDGET : Sure anyone can see the masthers out of his feeling.

HANLON : If he drank now, but he's not like them that went before him in that way.

BRIDGET : He is too quite, that's what he is.

HANLON : But he has the Gore in him ! I seen him meself like the ould masther when ye'd vex him. It's lies he minds.

BRIDGET : The crathure !—There now, I've put on all his flowers. Please God, no one will throuble us.

(She goes out. Hanlon tramps round the table arranging the glasses. Peter Gore comes in in evening dress).

PETER GORE : Is everything ready ?

HANLON : Everything, sir. Will I bring in the dinner ?

PETER GORE : How many places have you laid ?

HANLON : There are six in it.

PETER GORE : They may not be enough.

HANLON : I have more plates on the sideboard.

PETER GORE : Go to the hall door, Michael, and listen.

HANLON : I'll take the hall lamp, sir, and look down the drive.

(Goes out. Peter Gore stands on the hearth-rug and looks at the table. Hanlon returns).

HANLON : There's no one coming, sir. And the night's blacker than the feathers of a crow.

PETER GORE : Go and listen again. You may hear the horses' hooves on the road.

(Hanlon goes out again).

PETER GORE : Some may come. Four men did not answer my letters.

(Hanlon comes in).

HANLON : There's not a sound of a car, sir, and I can hear a mile down the road. There's a little moan of wind in the trees.

PETER GORE *(listening a moment)* : Is not that a step on the gravel ?

(Hanlon listens).

HANLON : It's the leaves being scattered.

PETER GORE : I think it is a step.

HANLON : There is a dog going about. He's afther the fowl's food. I'll lay poison for him to-morrow.

PETER GORE *(having listened again)* : I hear nothing now.

HANLON *(After a moment)* : I thought I felt* something. Maybe it was the leaves.

* Used by the Connacht peasant in the sense of heard.

PETER GORE : Look out again, and if there is no one, you can wait in the kitchen till the bell rings.

HANLON : I will, sir. I think the wind's rising, I hear it over the lough.

(Goes out. Peter Gore takes a book and sits down in an armchair by the fire. He sits bent forward, reading. The light in the room grows dim. He looks up. A young man enters the room. He wears a white robe with a hood, and carries a carpenter's plane in his hand).

THE MAN : I was passing this way, and I saw the light and the food through the window, and I came in.

PETER GORE *(joyfully)* : Take a place at the table.

THE MAN : My blessing on you. I will lay my plane aside. I carry it about to remember that like Our Lord I am a carpenter's son. I am Ciaran of Clonmacnois, and the fifth of March is my day.

PETER GORE : Sit down, carpenter's son, Ciaran of Clonmacnois.

(The young man does so. A second stranger comes in. He is tall and fair ; the front of his head is tonsured ; his hair hangs on his shoulders. A leathern bottle is slung across the shoulders, he carries a bag containing a book. His feet are covered by shoes of untanned hide. He wears a long kilt and a cloak with hood.)

THE SECOND MAN *(in a loud, cheerful voice)* : The blessing of a poor traveller on the house ! I saw the light through the window, and I walked in.

PETER GORE : I am glad to see you. There's a place for you at the table. Have you come from far ?

THE SECOND MAN : I have been going over the world. I have been through Britain and Alba, and Gaul and Italy, and then among the dark forests of the Germans. I am Fridolin the Traveller, and very graciously they have made the 6th of March my day.

(He sits down at the table).

PETER GORE : You are welcome, Fridolin the Traveller.

(A third man comes in. He is middle-aged, and of commanding appearance. He wears a long kilt, white tunic, and purple cloak).

THE THIRD MAN : God's blessing on you, Peter Gore, and on all here. May I sit at the feast, for I have come from far to-night ? I am Senan of Iniscaltory. My school was in Lough Derg. Seven ships bearing pupils came to the mouth of the Shannon. It was from the countries of the world the pupils came to Iniscaltory. The 8th day of March is my day ; and I saw the light in your window, and came in.

PETER GORE : There is a place ready for you, Senan of Iniscaltory.

(A fourth man comes in. He has a fine open face, and holds a parchment in his hand, on which is written an ancient Litany in Irish. He is robed and wears an Abbot's mitre).

THE FOURTH MAN : The blessing of God on all here.

PETER GORE : You are welcome, very welcome. Pray sit down to my table.

THE FOURTH MAN : My son, I will. I was sent to sit at your table. I am Angus, Bishop and Abbot, who wrote the Feilire of the Saints of Erin. And the eleventh day of March is mine.

PETER GORE : You, too, have come from far, perhaps, Ængus, Bishop and Abbot ?

THE FOURTH MAN : By the steps up the hill of the past, by the skirts of the earth, I came.

PETER GORE : It was a long journey.

THE FOURTH MAN : The time of a thought brought me here.

(He blesses the food, and sits down. A fifth man enters the room. He has a wan face ; he wears the martyr's crown and is bent under some great bodily affliction. The men at the table rise and greet him).

THE FOUR MEN TOGETHER : Hail ! Hail, Saint Finian !

PETER GORE : Another guest.—You are welcome.

THE FIFTH MAN : My son I am a leper. Have you no fear that such a one as I should sit at your table, burdened as I am with this sick flesh ?

PETER GORE : I have no fear. I see the crown of martyrdom on your head.

THE FIFTH MAN : It was given to me when to save a child I took its leprosy. I am Finian, and the 16th day of March is mine.

PETER GORE : Your place is ready, Finian, the leper.

(The fifth man sits down at the table and blesses the food. The door opens wide, and an old man, robed, with a Bishop's mitre on his head, stands in the doorway. The five men leave their places and kneel).

PETER GORE : Come into the room, Lord Bishop, and sit at the table.

(The old man enters the room. The five rise, and group round him).

THE SIXTH MAN : My blessing on you, Peter Gore, and on your table.

PETER GORE *(in a dreamy tone)* : I am a Cromwellian. None I asked would come to my table.

THE SIXTH MAN : We have been sent to bless it and sit there with you, Peter Gore.

(The strangers take their places at the table, and Peter Gore sits with them).

THE SIXTH MAN : This day is my day. Into Paradise I passed on the 17th of March, and the time has been short in its meadows. To me were given this people at the end of the earth.

(He stretches out his hand and blesses the table. All the others bend their heads. A great glow of light fills the room. Peter Gore sees the men rise and they pass out of the room. He falls on his knees, covering his face. The light fades away and the room is in twilight. Voices are heard singing).

VOICES : " The hand of God to defend me
The path of God to lie before me,
The shield of God to shelter me
The host of God to guard me
Afar and anear,
Alone and in a multitude."

(The twilight deepens into darkness for some moments. As the darkness passes Peter Gore is seen sitting in his chair, with his head resting on his arms. The door opens and Hanlon comes in).

HANLON : The morning's coming, sir. Did ye hear the wind ?

PETER GORE *(sitting up suddenly)* : The wind ?

HANLON *(going towards the window)* : Be me oath ! it was a night !
I thought the slates would be off the roof with every

sweep and roar of the wind coming over the lough (*draws up the blind and looks out : gives an outcry*) God save us, sir ! What d'ye think the storm's done !

PETER GORE : What ?

HANLON (*with grim satisfaction*) : There isn't a rafter or a bit of thatch left on Mary Joyce's house, and the walls are thrown !

PETER GORE (*standing up*) : Has the cottage been blown down ?

HANLON : Down ! What hasn't fallen in of the roof has gone into the lough. And the old walls are flooring the road. Down ! Ye never seen a cleaner sweep, sir !

PETER GORE : Thank God she was not in it.

HANLON (*triumphantly*) : Let them look at it now at their meeting ! Listen to the rain ! Mulligan will be dhrowned !

[THE END.]

THINGS TO GUM

By Dermot Murphy

(Concluded)

ANOTHER grandiose stairway led him into the inferior streets of the city. Here the folks walked. They were the same people, but at least they walked on the ground, lightly, but walked. They also chirped like sparrows. But they either, never looked at Dr. Gomme, though he trampled and stuffed and puffed as lively as a frost-bitten hackney coachman, and all to the end of making them know he was there. The walls of the immense bright corridors were broken into smaller doors through which he peeped with many a precaution against a toward contact with the inhabitants. Within was a chamber softly lighted and somewhat the size of a small theatre. He said to himself: These people do not see or hear me. When I try to prevail on their notice I am awarded an electric shock. All right. What is the answer to this—am I unreal, or are they? Am I like the spectator in the outer dusk without the aquarium, or do they apprehend my presence as an influence not noxious while known? Perhaps they always know what I'll do next, so that if I were to cock my gun in my pocket they would at once face about and slay me. The doctor cocked his pistol, but nothing else happened.

It may be, he thought again, that I exaggerate. I must reflect further into appearances. They pay me no attention, don't they? Then it's because they don't perceive me. Yet I'm as solid and slab as they. I begin to see the word of the riddle. They are very wise. They know everything that's known, and expect nothing new. My apparition among them constitutes a novelty and an unknown. They live lives which, through natural selection in thousands of years of peace, security, order and consentiment, are simple partitions of one orchestral public life. The secular stability of their environment leaves them unable to deal with a situation such as I bring. My actions demand reactions that seem to me necessary, but they are not forthcoming for want of the necessary grooves of affection. My say boils down to this: they don't and can't believe I'm there, and there's an end on't. I'm non-existent.

These thoughts showed themselves to his mind when for

the 200th time he had penetrated into the superb domicile of a family of people. Hundreds of them lay on the floor of an ornate salon upon mats in easy postures and sucked through tubes liquid and viscid substances in dishes of gossamer porcelain and lustrous metal. The dishes first slide upon the floor in the manner of Scotch curling-stones, and radiate from a central store of victuals where, under the management of one person, they rise out of a hole. Gomme deprived a near neighbour of a non-conducting vessel, and he found that the food was void of all entertainment, and what was the worst, had no smell or warmth. There were no better, and many worse dishes within his reach.

All this while they chirped as if they were a cage of finches. A God's name, what can they be talking about? he asked aloud, and there was no echo, as if he was in mid-air. Do they sing as birds sing, for want of thought, or is what I hear only the noise made by their thinking? What can they think about, who seem to dwell on the very limits of things, where they recede into the unchanging? Big books were written in my time with nothing in them but a half-dozen lofty abstractions incestuous and fertile as Olympian divinities and bloodless as dewdrops—only the mind of primordial levity could follow the perpendicular flight of those encompassing themes. Their creators acquiesced in the vulgar theory of mortality, their works are folded in the official dusk of libraries, and their names are commemorated in demure footnotes. But I only marked how the world went on for a riot and a conflagration to show that no body can stop anything for ever except the flying bolt of death. What subjects underlie all this conversation I can never know. In me the guts have the upper hand. In all the 60 years of my public life I did no more abstract thinking than would take 60 seconds to liquidate.

He rose and left the chamber and paced abroad in the greater spaces of the city. He gave himself a warning and a comfort: Very soon my mind may become fallow through want of companions. If I had a dog I should be well off for a friend. When I begin to think of nothing with great coherence it will be the beginning of my happiness, there's that in it. Perhaps I may become joyful. Much looking on the white parts of the sky purges the mind of desire, which is thought. A little while with

Aristotle, the rest with nobody and nothing. All superfluous emotions, passions, ideas, will presently be sneezed from my being. Breathing I shall be already in the tomb. My pulse will drop to 30 like theirs; my adrenal glands will be sealed. I shall be immortal and incorrupt, and walk as Adam did before his disgrace.

He found his voice, suddenly, and cried out with hands upraised in conjuration: No no! not yet. Where is the field *quod proavus, quod avus, quod pater excoluit*? Buried. What are the nations? Hear ye! fossil generations of fighters and dreamers, cannibals, crooks, charlatans, positivists, bolshevists, hedonists, peddlers, slaves, pandars; hear ye and look now how ye neglected the field.

There were tall men of their hands once in Israel, and where are they? they became tadpoles, being all head and belly. They said one to another, let us be heads and bellies, for these only be ends in themselves through which the whole creation moves; and it came to pass, and so they counted their heads and comforted their bellies. Then did the belly advance the money and the head advance the millennium, and something not themselves made for all-rightness. God was alive, ye said, in the immediate; and behold when there was no more mediation he was dead, and ye became as gods and sang in the morning as birds. Ye said, are not the last things also names? And hearken now how there remains no manner even of names, but only notes. Where is the gold talent ye hid in the ground when ye said, let us issue notes?

Gomme said all this and laughed hoarsely. And then he said: They know nothing at all about us, because we used up all the credit there was. His voice was echoed, and the echo encouraged him. He rushed up the stairs a thousand feet and flew in the upper rooms, shouting: No, sirs, I won't be good. I'll fight and struggle and bray and smash until you take notice of me. Then he took the pistol out of his pocket and discharged it 6 times into a flock of citizens. The noise of arms and reck of powder surprised him even more than the way in which his game fell. Three brace tumbled and swam silently to ground. There they behaved exactly as gibbons were said to behave when mortally shot by naturalists in Borneo, or New Guinea: they lay down and went to sleep. Dr. Gomme sat down with

a hard heart. I will let them, he said, stiffen somewhat, and dissect them.

Presently coming to himself he looked at the corpses. Why, he asked, did they expire so softly and alone? It is not that their being flew from life as life from death, or else they had never been born. It is not that life and death are the same to them, or they could not keep on breathing for years. It may be that they are accustomed to live for ever, and they don't know what it is, to die. But no animal can live for ever. It is their mode of dying then to lie down and faint at the moment when death appears invincible to their apprehensions. They know the meaning of death too well, and the meaning perhaps of life is as plain to them as the meaning of a Handel aria was to a good fiddler. This may be the consummation of wisdom, for they yield not to the apparent, but to the absolute only. They love not, nor hate, and they stand in life as in a threshold that is no more than an empty yoke on a windy shore; and their instinct to live is only a rational expectation of more life. O Miseri, O Sapientes! Shall it be my lot, when I have been assimilated to the time, to kiss the cold vacant face of nullity at the first fevered moment its arms join behind me? Never, he said. I may lose my wits, but we human beings have that from our mother to go behind death as we came before life, fighting, and asking why. You people may know all the things you can, and welcome. I don't know my share, and I'll ask and fight for an answer. He turned out his pockets.

He could find no knife. So he would never know the anatomical audacities of the species *homo persapiens*, what organs had disappeared, as members of the trilogies of Sophocles disappeared in the literary convulsions that shook the Empire during the barbarian and Saracen invasions; nor know what passages of the intestines had been abridged like parts of Polybius, or been supplemented with long digressions like an old story made a play by an adventurous Elizabethan bard. He would never know if the bark or cortex of the cerebrum had economised its convolutions, or multiplied them. When he stripped the corpses, working next the ground like a Japanese, their nakedness told him that human history had long since come to an end. He roared with laughter at a jest which he made, and finding it very good to laugh he laughed again and again. Laughing cured

gardener's stoop and housemaid's knee, he said throwing himself on the ground and rolling amongst the six bodies. Once he had begun, he couldn't stop laughing : I will be mad, he cried out. I'll laugh till I'm only a laughing-stock. I'll laugh at nothing like the cavalier ; I'll laugh at everything like the barber. I'll laugh myself to air like the Cheshire cat ; I'll laugh myself as big as a mountain like Dionysus. But like Dionysus I'll end weeping ; and he rent the tattered garments of the dead gods. He cursed the day of his birth, following the example of Job ; he repeated the Nihilist maxims of Theognis, and found himself at last holding the lost knife at his own throat—what ! an operation ? When he came to himself he was walking in the enormous galleries of the city which were beautifully desolate and void. His fears and anxieties were gone, and his mind was serene as the field-wide polished floors that his feet strayed on.

Sitting down where a wall joined the floor the full course of his former meditations returned upon him like the train of hobbies in a merry-go-round. Thinking another way, he asked : why was there no vengeance on me because I slew the flying men ? But careful. At this very moment the state may be mounting some dread engine to annihilate me. I must beware novelties and inventions. He invented various kinds of rays and emanations suitable for killing people. But death by violence will be wholly unknown to them, as sudden death was only a physical fact with us. To them I, the slayer, am only a psychic local influence which they cannot impound in their theoretic frame of causality. Causality ! that is the very word, and opens a bewildering book of words which I cannot read. The cognitions of these latter men extend to the mediate consequence or non-actual ; they are probably blind to anything past. Consider how they died, having foreseen my exploit in my character of an alien spirit as one foresees any number of infinitesimal sequences to follow a given series. My 6 victims knew they were dead ; they had then known the manner of their death, and the rest know that they may live for ever if their dying depends on me. I have no more ammunition. So they know me better than I know myself. For here, am I not only what I do ? I don't know what the hell I'm going to do, unless go completely mad. I only know that I'm not going to have another shoot, for if I was, the cartridges given, they would by this time have laid me dead on the ground prudentially.

Iovem ! What a situation for a man used to the liberty of a less sophisticated world ! I am now plainly their prisoner in a cage of impenetrable moonshine ; their very thoughts are my acts and omissions to act. I'm only a gibbering phantasm, evoked by them to satisfy a momentary curiosity after an early fatal experiment. Now are the tables turned with a jest. Once I was interested in psychic research ; now I'm only a poor hunted spook myself, and the more fool I. Stuck am I now in this ultimate city for the rest of my life, helpless, alone. Once the midst and crown of a conscious life, I am now nothing but an unusual phenomenon. Daily I may dwindle down to a more and more commonplace appearance until at last I vanish into the very framework of time and space like a microscopic charge leaking from an electroscope.

He was regaining his senses. For he walked again with his own weight on his feet in the ascending amplitudes of the city at large, and there were things at last which behaved truly and sincerely, as in the younger world. There were things which fold themselves into things which ought to be ; there was difference, as it were ; the inane inevitable clove itself into ornaments at his bidding ; all things came aright in steady retrograde, till at last there are reasonable people walking to and fro in the lingering hurry and bustling standstill of a proper town. But they are dressed all in white, and their faces are painted the venomous white of toadstools. Hallucinations ! said the doctor to himself. I was never used to be hallucinated, and I don't find it convenient to proceed right through a person, inspecting his internal needs. I must take a side road into the country. What could anybody say who knew me, seeing me in this state ? Poor Gomme, they'll say. So he's dead at last, for I saw his wraith. What o'clock is it ? A long stair led him upward to the top of a great tower thousands of feet above the green roof of the city. Standing there, with no prospect but broad sky and glittering plain hovering like cymbals jealous to annexe the entrance of the final trump, he made a resolution to end his present life.

II.

At the base of this obstacle, Dr. Gomme said to himself, my velocity will be about four hundred feet a second, enough

to displace the heart, pulverise the spine, and so on. Just walk off, sir, as if all was well ; which indeed isn't the case, for you are already too early. You have intruded on an amended dispensation and the longer you wait the earlier you become.

He walked, and the air received him. He walked further and further on an enveloping surface so buoyant, heady and guiding that the element smote and urged his posteriors at every climbing and descending stride. I never thought of it before, he said. The prejudice stood that the air was too full of holes for safe going, and I believed it, and much else that I never tried. He walked on till dusk, and then being close to the ground on a heath of bracken he made a bed and lay him down. I've been here before, said he. It was when I was walking for pleasure. We lay down here to sleep out the darkness, and morning came with a he-goat looking at us over the fern-tops with his fanatic eye. And when he did wake next morning, he was being looked at again. Four yards from him, standing on a stone, is a boy baby, a six-months old child naked and erect with an alderman's abundance suspended between his rugged, rosy thighs. His fists are on his hips, and he regards Dr. Gomme with vast incredulity.

Gomme stared at the infant for many moments, lying defenceless on his low couch, while the sympathetic cord tugged 39 times at his heart, his skin contracted, and his eyes began to sink into his head. For the colourless moon-like visage of the child was a seeing presence, not a seen ; not he is being looked at, but what he is—and what is he ? He didn't know, or did not want to tell. His own voice in his mind says : many years ago you might have supported this situation with an allowance of credit ; but you're not the person you ought to be, something has happened that has finished you. I dare say, was his next thought, that boy is going to say something to me. I can't bear to embark on my own explanations. I'll run away and hide. That will explain me enough. But his fear was deeper than what could be run away from. To be looked at superficially at such length, and as if being compared with a standard measure, was equal in all respects to watching the automatic proceedings of the instinct of self preservation acting on his behalf from the security of complete submission. While the child continued to try his solidity, Gomme's impulse to hide took him by surprise ; he was stealthily up and flying before he knew what he was about. He

ran for half a mile and plunged into a thicket. He concealed his body in the generous growth, crouching, and waited with a thumping breast. My long legs are an advantage, he affirmed.

But ten minutes later the place was filled with the cries of children. The mites were advanced in full pack, and here and there through rifts in his nest of wiry herbage he could see them flit as light as thistle-down through the brake, beating the shallow heath and nodding ferns, with rods, bending the teasles, raking the spindlewood, ploughing the tall grass, cracking the maple-shoots in search of him. Some turned over pebbles as if he was an insect. He was found, shrunk and dissembled though he was, and at once he was in the middle of the daylight and of 100 eyes. They were babes of all ages, from a day to a year, all with smooth shining heads, boys, full, tight, square-wrinkled, and there was no feature in their broad faces but wonder as they measured him inch by inch with long climbing and nodding looks.

One of them yawned with exasperated attention, and said something : It's a real joint ; and the others certified the name. After this, another one says, there are really real joints ; and they debated how high he might be. It was supposed that he was six and a half yards high, and they say to him : Stand up, joint. He stood up very slowly and under great oppression. He went forth amongst the dwarfish company with hanging head. He felt for a distraction in every pocket, and could not find one, took off his hat many times, and was quite lost.

You needn't be afraid, joint, the infant nearest to him piped ; we aren't going to do something to you. You'll have to wait till the king comes. He'll be very interested. Gomme endured their further examination and said nothing, but only sat down on the ground and pretended to be occupied with looking at butterflies going their uncertain way, with the botany of bird's foot lotus and buttercups tangling with the grass between his knees, and other important matters that prevent talk. The small folk settled here and there and talked about their own matters in low voices and waited also.

What they were waiting for was a baby with a great deal of evident importance who had a thin bandlet of gold on his smooth pate. He appeared from nowhere in a great hurry and looked at Gomme, who had enough recollection to stand up and bow. The chief infant went on looking at him with a wonder

modulated by the way in which he seemed to share it with the others : This is the chap, he says. This is the very chap you were talking about. He's a lot on the big side ; about eight yards high.

He was told that the matter was six yards and a half. Even so, he said ; it's a joint, as I said ; and the next interesting thing is what are we going to do with him ? If it please your majesty, Gomme says, I could be harnessed to work as an elephant ; and the boy shouted with scorn : you an elephant ! rot you wouldn't be an elephant you're not big enough. Shut up everybody but me.

When he had said this the king-infant took some of the others into his court and they whispered hoarsely for a time with their heads so close together that they looked like a cluster of grapes ; and presently he came forward again and stood in front of Gomme, saying : I've been thinking about what to do about you and I've thought about it. First you'll have to pave a road that has gone stony. That will give us time to make a proper saw to saw down a lot of trees. Then you'll have to dig a new canal, and to-day you'll have to dig up salt to put into the swimming basin. Now, he said in a circular voice to his subjects ; put this joint to work at once. Pay him six boys' pay and find his food and let him sleep in a wood, because joints always sleep in a wood ; and see that he does his work properly, because joints are awful wasters and muckers ; and don't trouble me about him any more. I always made out there were real joints.

In this way Dr. Gomme began his work. His task was to gather salt in a dark cave by the light of a small lamp. He hewed the salt with a small pick, pounded it with a mallet, collected the substance in small pails by means of a small spade. When the pails were hung on a pole and balanced on his shoulder he tramped for a mile to the swimming pool. His business was then to throw the salt into the pool so that the infants could swim in it, for they couldn't swim in fresh water. Towards the sunset when the water had gained the required gravity and when he had thrown in his last load, the assembled athletes, many of them much wondering at his bulk who saw him for the first time, leaped in line into the pool ; and Gomme, having thus laid down his first day's work, lay himself down also on a bank to enjoy the sight of their sport. His food was brought to him

in a goat-cart driven by a red-faced brat, who shouted before driving off again : Don't take them buckets away, joint, or I'll make mortar of you. Leave them where you are.

He fell asleep. In the morning Dr. Gomme received his orders from a very small infant with a whistle to blow and a three legged stool to sit on, and he began his labours as a road mender. The road was a cinder road ten five feet wide, and he must clean it of flints and pebbles, fill the holes with new cinders, and smoothe the surface. When the sun was at his highest the goat-cart arrived and his food was delivered. At once the whistle was blown and he might straighten his back. It was the signal for dinner. One would say, he said to himself, that I have done no real work until now. Some day I may be an airman. I have a great desire to be an airman some day.

Gomme and his foreman sat in the roadside grass to eat their dinner. The boss unfolded his newspaper parcel and uncorked his bottle ; Gomme took possession of his pails. I am not used, he exclaimed, to being molested at meal time by birds. For first two cock linnets settled on his right arm, and then a chaffinch and a wagtail joined them, and they polished their beaks on his sleeve and looked very alertly at the movement of the victuals. A thrush perched on the toe of his boot, and a score of tits like a lurch of newsboys with sporting sheets occupied his calves, rolled and ruffled out their feathers and blue crests. He was covered with birds and got no dinner ; instead of eating, he held out broken bread and butter and cheese in the palms of his hands. The birds perched on his fingers and carried off the pieces. He would have offered something to a hare who also arrived, but this animal was pushed aside by the boy, and scolded away ; and when he had rested Gomme resumed his work. It was interesting work ; and the whistle blew again. Five o'clock, said the child with the whistle ; who took up his stool and newspaper, lighted his pipe, and then walked away quickly on his short legs.

Being left to himself Gomme went back to the swimming pool and lay on a grassy bank above it. There he watched the gambols of the amphibious infants, he was fed from the goat-cart, and he spent the rest of the evening in very pleasant contemplation and repose.

His occupation with the road continued day after day.

The whistle was blown as soon as the sun was hottest, and he sat down beside the boy to eat his dinner. But he was careful to forbid the birds any more exercise of the other day's familiarity. At their first approach he growled, and they flew off to some distance, on the second day he gave them half, and made up his mind to let them have quarter on the third day, an eighth on the fourth day, and the bare leaving on the other days.

On Saturday the whistle blew as before, but instead of his dinner he stooped and received from the child's cloven fist his wages : eight coins about the size of sixpence. What for ? he asked ; and the reply was : to buy tobacco, snuff, sweets, beer, or whatever else he liked ; and the boy went off with his stool and whistle. But he left his newspaper behind, which Dr. Gomme put into his pocket. Then Gomme made his way once more to the pool and lay on the bank. The boy with the cart and white goat paid him his rations, the swimming sports began, the sun shone, and the doctor was perfectly content.

He opened the newspaper. It was composed of pictures and letterpress. The pictures were sober and logical accounts of co-existent characters in solid bodies. There was no fantasy in them, unless sometimes the subject endured a torsion, strain or section in order to show at once its front and rear, outside and inside. This culpable intellectualism was most striking in a portrait of Gomme himself, where his braces were seen through his waistcoat and his short stiff hairs through his hat.

The text was at first unintelligible. Every variation of spelling was adopted and discarded at once, and sometimes a word was not spelt at all, but shot at by means of a dot or hand or arrow. He read on until twilight, for he was, he said, one of those fellows who could read anything that another fellow could write. The learning of the children was not powerful but wide, he said. They rather suggested than demonstrated, authorised no opinion which they did not adopt, denied no belief without affirming its contrary. Their remarks broke short before becoming tedious. Sooner than emphasise a truism or argue a commonplace they mentioned only one word of it.

One has, Gomme said looking into the kindling galaxy, to know something before he could read matter like that. One would certainly have to know something before he could write it. Fools will tell all, and what's worse they have to be told all

or else they can see nothing. In that newspaper expression becomes more vigorous as it is more compressed ; sometimes the reader can see the action implied by the epithet, as one might see his own hat burst in the corner of somebody else's room. Emblematic, paradoxal truths are conveyed by mere symbols. Thus in the dark and silence his admiration loses bound : Not one superfluous word, he says ; They could take hold of a mighty old book by a Buckle, a Darwin, a Gibbon or a Mill and supersede it with a phrase.

On the next day no work is done. He asked a babe who is come for his morning dip what is done on Sundays. Mondays ? the boy says ; to-morrow's Monday. To-day's Christmas ; and it turns out that everything is done : cricket, football, ninepins, draughts, rowing. For the rest of the day he keeps wicket and fields at a big cricket practice. The ball is so terribly minute that he has scarcely any rest, and when bedtime comes he is wearier than he ever was before, and looks forward at to-morrow's navvyng as a time of real quiet.

The progress of his road takes him nearer and nearer to a large town. The roofs are so low that he can see the top of one over another, although most of the houses have three floors. The town is a populous one and an important centre of business, and by keeping an observant eye on his surroundings as he plies his beetle the doctor learns something of the babes' way of living. In the early morning hundreds of milk-boys drive their carts into the town behind trotting goats. After them come droves of geese and flocks of ducks and herds of she-goats. When the road is no longer stopped by business traffic he sees the boys going to work. When the morning is well advanced there are girl babies from town walking or driving their goat-carriages into the country, and others walking or driving from the country into the town.

There was a railway. The locomotives were very like great improved brass kettles on wheels, and were tended by dirty boys in shaggy leather aprons ; and the carriages were long low perambulators. But Gomme could see that it was a very practical and properly managed railway.

He found that he had a new boss, also with a stool and a whistle. A different boy with a pied goat and a blue-and-pink cart brought him his provisions ; and when dinner time came

he sat down and had a different kind of dinner. He overheard the new fore-baby say to the carrier: He's not edacious for his size, but he's powerful consumptive of drink; and the carrier drove off with much cracking of his whip.

They had their dinner on a common above the town. As he ate Gomme was thinking, and with more thoughtful and better-cooked food to eat he filled himself with legitimate ambitions to rise into a better station of life. He dreamt of making some useful social engine, such as a telephone. There was wire to be had, and it could be coated easily. There were signs of good metal-workers at work, and the insulating parts of the apparatus could be made by potters. The one drawback, Gomme said to himself, is the magnets. It would need a powerful current to make good magnets. I should first of all have to make a dynamo. Mentally he projected the plans of a dynamo, and set it in motion with the plans of a steam engine with a tubular boiler. Perhaps, he said to himself, I could get co-operation in this scheme.

At length he opened his mind to the lore-baby, who lay beside him in the grass and smoked his small cigar, on the subject of his telephone. It was an aged baby with wool all over the top of his head. He described the invention with care, and declared that it would be a very successful innovation. The babe's arm was just long enough to reach with his fingers to the top of his crown, and he scratched his head, and asked: What's the use of it? To speak to distant parties with, Gomme replied. If your friend lives on the other side of those hills (which he pointed towards) and you want to have him to dinner to-morrow, or want to have your dinner with him, you say so in the trumpet at home, and he hears in a different trumpet in his house the words that you say. Gomme's boss replied at once without reproof: All right; but, he argued; if he wants to come to my dinner he'll come; and if I want to go to his dinner I'll go. What's the use in arguing about it?

Gomme digested this slight on his telephone, and presently he renewed his plea: But the king would esteem it. Suppose that he needs a bottle of wine that he has no more of in his cellar. All that he needs to do is open his telephone and command the wine merchant to send what he wants. When the king wants anything, the boy says; he only opens his window and shouts. Anybody who hears him is bound to go and do what he wants, and the queen gives him the money. I wouldn't do it. I'm a

democrat, and my argument is, let the king run his own errands.

Seeing that his own manias and reveries would not survive the inexorable analysis of the infant, Gomme took a habit of contemptuous silence which was formerly his with such people, because he was naturally timid and positive. He was also arrantly introspective, and left to himself he began to be confronted with his own disposition, and to ask himself in the evening, as he walked circumspectly among the crowds in the wider streets of the town, to what length of rebellion and heresy his social envy would lead him ; for he was not the man, he said, long to put up with the puerile conservatism of the country, and its neglect of real merit. The townsfolk took very little notice of him, not troubling to look all the way up his figure ; and they called him the New Joint. He was treated as a spectacle for an evening or two, and after that as an obstacle. They behaved very much like ordinary civil people ; only that sometimes, here and there in the midst of a crowd, one baby would suddenly affect a demeanour of frenzy with no purpose and for no reason, rave and stamp and shriek, and slap another baby, who would sit down suddenly on his behind and shout ; and in a few moments the bustle would infect the whole neighbourhood, and there was a harmless, strenuous scuffle in which everybody took a part. Presently order and quiet would come on again, as if everybody was satisfied, and everybody would be as polite as before. Gomme supposed that a great deal of hugging and gallantry went on also, but more privately.

One night whilst he was meditating on the mystical policy of his fellow-subjects he found that he was sitting all the time beside an ornate public building. It was the *Rolcocktitter*, a word which surely signifies something, or it would not have been inscribed in gold letters over the door of the building, which was the size of a large pigsty. Hundreds of mites were crowding towards it from all quarters, both in carriages and on foot, and the crowds, the popularity of the resort, and the rejoicing mood of all the round-faced brats who were entering at the front door each with a ticket in his hand all put Gomme in a very pleasant frame of mind. He bethought him, that men of spirit reduced to his recent state of baffled ambition and confused energies by the lethargy of their contemporaries used to have two roads of escape, the Foreign Legion and literature. Perhaps, he said to himself, I could produce something to stagger the public, a tragedy,

even a comedy. Perhaps I should go near to prove the Shakespeare of this age, if I got a fair hearing. And he felt a sudden movement inside his stomach like a noble appetite that he took at once to be inspiration, or its symptom, though he had never felt the like before, not ever having had reason enough to suppose himself with talent. He looked in through the window, satisfied that he was the man, and half minded not to do anything more about it. The theatre was arranged for a lecture, with a table on the stage, and a blackboard, and a bottle and glass on the table, and he imagined with himself what the matter would be that the lecturer was to come and dispose of, or unsettle. He thought of an infant with a bowed back and a corrugated brow to totter forward and discourse on the Lower Empire or the higher mathematics, and to scribble on the board Arabic which sloped one way and Greek which sloped the other, or complex series which sloped in some mysterious way. But when he really appeared, the lecturer was a small fat infant who began by bounding to and fro and saying a lot of genial prefatory things to make his audience shriek and roll with laughter. Next he sat on a small chair and addressed a long discourse to one side, and afterwards stood up in front of the chair and insulted himself in it, sat in and leaped out of the chair again and struggled with himself, and presently came in himself as a third person and exploded in reproaches and threats against both ; and all with such a minute compass of reach and stride that it was very odd to see. As the subject advanced, the persons assumed by the mobile and versatile professor multiplied beyond number. He trembled for one, boasted for another, performed turbulent, destructive movements for another still, interceded for, reassured, invectived, plotted against, liberated, perplexed himself by turns ; now he was seen shaking himself till his flesh trembled again in one place, and now reappearing somewhere else denouncing the trembler with a grimace in his face that only perturbed his nose. When Gomme's sense of character discerned the infant as two detectives walking up and down the floor and spitting and smoking cigarettes at the scene of a crime, while he was also a third near the wall telephoning his official indignation to his superiors, he came to think why his own telephone had been disparaged. Two accomplices were not enough, to make the thing practical. Next day at dinner-time he asked the foreman if it was a good lecturer, who lectured last night ; who said decidedly, No ; he says too much

of his own, that really isn't in the proper lecture. Before he began to consider these words, Gomme remembered that he had not heard a word of the lecture, the window being closed.

The road ended without hesitation at the edge of a duckpond, and Gomme's occupation changed ; for as soon as the last stroke was done three members of a canal Commission with maps and pencils secretly lying in wait for the event made their appearance and took him in custody ; and when they had led him to a distant part of the country four miles away he heard his orders to dig a canal according to strings of tape stretched on pegs near the ground. A period of contention began. Gomme was weary of toil, and he took it ill that his mind was not consulted, but only his servile mechanical functions. He would have liked at last to use his head in trigonometry and hydrostatics for the object of revising and perfecting the navigation scheme. But the surveyors would not listen to him. They spread out their plans on the ground, stooped stiff-kneed and slapped them conclusively, and told him to go about his job ; and the intellectual feud began. Day after day Gomme sat on the ground as if meditating a temple, more than a canal, and borrowed arguments from every source, physical and metaphysical, moral and material, to show that the chosen meandering course traversed husbandry, disobeyed nature, and even affronted reason. The shrill voices of the experts were raised now in general scorn, and now in particular wheedling defence of this lock, or that sluice.

They trampled on all his suggestions, and when evening came they left him alone in peace to consume his supper and reform his views. He ate with satisfaction ; because he was using his head again, and his legitimate hunger was an appetite for power. The place where he lay him down to rest was a pleasant grass margin to a quiet road. Under a hawthorn next to him, with its prospective ensign, its beer-tables and benches under its windows, was a public house with its old brick walls enriched by a searching vine. And hither as the sun was going to rest behind high fields of millet and barley the rustic swains, attired only in dirty shoes and belts of goat hide, carrying their hoes or harness, tramped singly and in pairs from their labour, minding only to bring the long day to with a mug of ale and a chat. Their conversation was sage, dull and slow, and seldom Gomme opened his ears, and seldomer his mouth. They talked of crops and eggs and manure, duck markets and the price of

goats. They discovered the minute intrigues and feints of the neighbours, and when the ale had taken hold they began to argue about nothing, or next to nothing. But each stood the stranger a drink, all poured at once into his pail of spring water and ale; and sometimes Gomme stood *them* a drink in return. Late one night a member of the jovial senate turned his head and body in one piece to where Gomme was lying stretched with his stomach on the turf and his chin supported by his hands and forearms. Looking at him thus familiar and reduced the lilliputian made to ask: Where was you before you strayed into these parts, Joint? Gomme's throat was stretched and dry. He swallowed and began his answer, and he'd only got so far as to say that he was born in a place called—— when a scream of laughter made him stop. This very fat, serious, dirty bambino turned back to his companions and began to speak. You may well laugh, neighbours, he said. It's a hard saying but a true one, that everybody has got to be borned soon or late; and if the joint, which is so called by that name to signify as his joints is stiff and all in one and hard to govern, hasn't got no more sense but to think he was borned, it's no cause for to laugh; for it's not along of what that there thin liquor, has got all the road up to his head to make 'em talk hind-afore—no; for it's the nature of joints drunk or sober to have no discretion, with their strong legs and little hairy heads, and to be so as no sense can't be put into 'em nor got out neither by fair speech nor foul.

Before the fat infant could recover his breath and continue, out-of-doors ran the busy hostess clutching her apron, and taking her breath in both hands began at once to abuse the speaker as follows: I've told thee a hundred times, Farmer Pudden, and I'll tell thee no more: don't starve the merriment of company with that there crack about being borned, and such, not in my house. Thou always was a glum old put, and a slobbering old speechmaker and a ripe old chatterbox since ever we've known thee. Thou growed too long ago to be governed by us, seems.

The company sat silent and chidden, and great tears rose into the abashed eyes of the fat dirty one. He pumped up a sigh. Aye, he moaned, throw all the fault on me. I don't mind it. I ain't got no right to mind it. If I was borned and lost this night, there isn't a body in the parish that would care, or say where's old Pudden? These doleful words restored the former good-humour, and the fat old infant laughed louder than any-

body, and longer, and a little later he challenged the postmaster in a game of quoits. The game went on while Gomme fell asleep.

Next day, with the three engineers, the king appeared, and he told Gomme to leave the country at once, unless he would rather stay and dig the canal forthwith; who chose not to dig the canal, because his pride had got the better of him; and many weeks later, after walking through pathless forests, he came to the mountains, and climbed up them. At the top of the mountains he saw before him a valley so deep and vast that the opposite slope was a hundred miles away. A hundred weeks later he reached the summit of the opposite slope to view another valley, compared with which the first was only like a pock-hole. A hundred years of tramping, sliding and climbing, and he was there to measure his regard with a third valley so much vaster than the last, that the last was no more, being now behind him, than a scar in a butcher's block. This sort of monotonous comparison went on for many centuries, and might have gone on for ever, only that it chanced for him to come upon a very large grasshopper in the middle of the limitless stony desert which was the foot of the twentieth valley. By this time it was eternal night, and by starlight, as he neared it, the grasshopper became an aeroplane, whereof the engineer had lost his way, and sat on the ground lamenting. *O rem incommodam!* he was crying. *Ferme insumus, computo, donec nos geographici americani exploraverint.* The engineer asked him for a tinder-box, which Gomme had, and when they had lit a fire of brushwood they made coffee. And the aviator having asked if Gomme might know the country, he replied, Yes; I have kept my trusty watch wound, and I have notched a calendar on my alpenstock, instead of names of mountains which I don't know, and don't care about. We are on the basement floor of the Newtonian universe. Newton, who was the first to show what way the moon is attached to the earth, held that the velocity of Now is infinite, having no more reason than we to suppose with Einstein, who lived shortly after him, that its velocity was 300,000 kilometers a second. That being so, an azimuth observation and a little trigonometrical calculation will give us our bearings. When he had found their bearings the engineer started the motor, and they reached the year 1928 in no time. Gomme was stripped in tatters from his reverie, and put to bed, and some day he will need to be carefully gummed together again.

SURREALISM OR LITERARY PSYCHO-THERAPY

By A. J. Leventhal

SURREALISM is in the news. It is in the news to the extent that it rivals any publicity ever given to Cézanne's square apple or to the morse code canvas messages of the *pointillistes*. The surrealist exhibition in London supported by works in English by Read and Gascoyne make journalistic comment easy; whilst the surrealist juggling apparatus, the umbrella, the sewing machine and the dissecting table, not to mention Salvador Dali's *dissecta membra*, have proved an inspiration for the shop window of the larger stores and have decided the style of the latest advertisements in the more expensive fashion journals. It is now just as important for the man in the literary tavern to be able to discuss surrealism, albeit superficially, as to be able to distinguish between Leninism and Marxism.

The first official intimation of the rise of surrealism was the publication in 1924 of André Breton's *Poisson Soluble*. This was the signal for the reunion of the greater part of the followers of dadaism who had disbanded in disorder and in acrimonious confusion a few years earlier. Breton was rejoined by Soupault, Aragon, Crevel, Peret, Picabia, Baron and Max Ernst and the young *farceurs* of the immediate post war period found themselves involved in a movement as deliberately serious as the old was the opposite. The manner of the presentation of their ideas was likewise a more sober one. There were no noisy meetings and no cheap *réclame*. Their manifestos were published quietly and unobtrusively. Yet there is but little doubt that they evolved directly from dadaism just as dadaism was provoked by cubism and futurism. *Les Champs Magnétiques* written by Breton in collaboration with Soupault was in reality the first surrealist work though it appeared as early as 1919, five years before the first manifesto.

André Breton was able to introduce many extracts from dadaist periodicals in his *Les Pas Perdus* also published in 1924 to illustrate surrealist theory. These extracts applied particularly to automatic writing and the trance transcriptions of mediums. The non-intervention of the critical faculty is claimed by Breton in the examples that he quotes as emanating from

the uncontrolled hand of his colleagues during a spiritualistic *séance*.

Les yeux des folles sont sans fard. Elles naviguent dans des yoles, sur le feu, pendant des yards, pendant des yards

La mort dans les flots est-elle le dernier mot des forts ?

We have no doubt that M. Breton has no desire to impose upon the credulity of his readers. The line between writing that is deliberate and that which purports to emanate from the hidden recesses of the subconscious cannot be clearly defined. It is surely possible for a thought conceived consciously in the first instance to become genuinely submerged in the subconscious and reemerge with seeming spontaneity and all the appearance of automatism. The internal rhymes and what Max Nordau in his now outmoded attack on *fin-de-siècle* literature called *echolalia* are of course characteristic of what we have learned to associate with the speech and writing of mediums. But the repetitions in Breton's examples are too studied, the music and strange quality of the images too remarkable, entirely to convince us of their authenticity.

Unless, however, we accept its authenticity the whole surrealist structure falls to the ground. For in the Breton definition surrealism is pure psychic automatism by which it is intended to express verbally, in writing and by other means, real processes of thought. It is thought's dictation, all exercise of reason and every æsthetic and moral pre-occupation being absent. He further states that surrealism rests on the belief in the higher reality of certain forms of association hitherto neglected ; in the omnipotence of dreaming, in the unbiassed play of thought.

The only possible result of the practical working out of this theory would be to develop, even further than the Symbolists, the personal in literature. It becomes a sort of Romanticism gone freemason of which the Grand Master alone holds the key. Association of ideas and words if uncontrolled by the critical common factor becomes an eminently private process. The surrealists are in Breton's language "deaf receivers of so many echoes, modest registering machines." He makes a virtue of the very *echolalia* that Nordau condemned as pathological. Pathological mental states appeal particularly to the surrealists. In the Breton creed surrealist language adapts itself most easily to the dialogue form. In the ideal surrealist conversation two

trains of thought run in parallel lines. One is completely oblivious of the other, the second, however, takes cognisance of the first speaker but only externally, paying attention to the sound of the words and not to their significance. We have then, so to speak if we interpret M. Breton rightly, a Siamese twin soliloquy whose only bond is the membrane of sound.

In order to illustrate his attitude M. Breton takes the case of the alienist and his patient. The latter, in the surrealist view, is artistically speaking in the stronger position. His thoughts are more valid because he is unhampered by the necessity of straining his attention to grasp and reply to his interlocutor. Whereas the alienist has to concentrate on the replies of his patient in order to arrive at their medical significance. He gives the following examples :—

“ How old are you ? ”— “ You.”

“ What is your name ? ”— “ Forty-five houses.”

The alienist explains the first reply as *echolalia* and the second as the Ganser symptom or the irrelevant response. But for Breton it is the manner in which Soupault and himself collaborated in *Les Champs Magnétiques*, the independent questioner and the impartial answerer.

Aristotle, at an early stage in the history of literature, said that the pathological was not the concern of the artist. With Breton the pathological appears his only concern. This concern may be accounted for by the fact that he is a doctor of medicine. But he is not on that account justified in substituting the unannotated mass of clinical material for literature.

Romanticism began the literary interest in the *moi*; but this interest was externalised. The public was taken fully into the confidence of the Romantics and asked to share their individual emotions. They wept with Musset and responded enthusiastically to the Hugo rhetoric. The Symbolists subtilised the treatment of the ego by a concentration on Bergsonian intuition which ultimately led to what people like to call the hermetism of Mallarmé. The large Romantic circulation may have gone down but there still remained the smaller circle, the *élite* who followed Mallarmé's seeming intricacies. The reason for the disparity in the numbers of the enthusiasts of the two schools was not that the Symbolists were unintelligible but that

it required more intelligence to appreciate them. Proust and Gide evolving from the Symbolists and backed by the contemporary influence of Freud's researches into the *inconscient* evoked the subconscious currents of the mind, of the *moi*, but brought an intellectual clarity to bear on their exposition and their relationship to consciousness—an exposition immediately intelligible. Intelligibility from the surrealist point of view is entirely unnecessary. Literature as a means of communication between intelligent minds must have no significance. There can no longer be any question of a public, hardly even of the private press. The psychic manifestations of the surrealist uncontrolled by the critical mind can only be understood by the author himself through the agency of the psycho-analyst and that only by a rare accident. Look at this translation from *Poisson Soluble*:

"My tomb, when the cemetery shuts, takes the form of a ship riding the sea. There is no one in that ship, save now and then through the shutters of the night a woman with lifted arms like the figurehead of the prow of my dreams riding the sky. Somewhere else, probably in a barnyard, a woman juggles, juggles with bubbles of Reckitts blue which glitter in the air like finger nails. The anchorage of women's eyebrows—there's your goal. The day was but a long sea trip. Let the loft be stacked or low it is only a jump to the peasant. At worst if it rains waiting will be bearable in that roofless house whither we are bound and which is built of multi-form birds and winged corn. The pale surrounding it, far from distracting me from my dream, disaccords with the sea, with the sentimental vision, the sea that recedes like two Sisters of Charity."

In this case there is no urgent need for the assistance of the psycho-analyst. There is a dream quality in this passage which is comprehensible but does not at all resemble automatic writing. There appears to be a wide division between surrealist theory and practice. Most of the *Poisson Soluble* can more easily be associated with the school of *Fantaisie* than with surrealism. *Fantaisistes* like Max Jacob or Franc-Nohain realise the value from the point of view of surprise of introducing a commonplace idea, image or word in the midst of a sober piece of writing. Breton makes great case of the value of what he calls *la soudainté* in literature. For him this means a shock to the reader of the

imposition of a *lieu-commun* unexpectedly. This is not at all as original as it sounds. Racine was something of a pioneer in this direction. In a description of the siege of Jerusalem the following line occurs:—

Vous seul, seigneur, vous seul, une échelle à la main.

The popular word "ladder" must have come as a definite shock to the audience who were accustomed to the *style noble* which, in the seventeenth century, might not be vulgarised by so pedestrian a word.

The Romantics were more crude in bringing about the shock of *soudainté*. They went in for violent antitheses, whilst contemporary writers Giraudoux and Morand, for example, by their use of startling similes and metaphors also carried on the same idea.

A similar effect was got by the group of painters including Picasso, Albert Gleizes and Braque by sticking such trivial things as tram tickets, stout labels and the like on to their paintings. It is this manifestation of the shock in art that Breton likes to copy. When he says that one can give the title "poem" to a collection of newspaper headings or fragments of headings cut out at random but with an eye, if you like, to syntax.

Madame,
une paire
DE BAS DE SOIE
n'est pas
UN SAUT DANS LE VIDE
un cerf
L'amour d'abord
TOUT POURRAIT S'ARRANGER SI BIEN
Paris est un grand village
Surveillez
LE FEU QUI COUVE
La Prière
DU BEAU TEMPS
Sachez que
Les rayons ultra-violets
ont terminé leur tâche
Courte et bonne

This is more like the non-sense of surrealist theory but even here he fails to carry out his own ideas for since he allows grammar and since his arrangement of these newspaper cuttings is not an entirely gratuitous one, it follows that the critical faculty is definitely involved. This was all very well when it was a question of the dadaist joke but surrealism demands to be taken seriously. M. Breton cannot have it both ways. In spite of his axiom concerning the non-intervention of the critical faculty the latter persists in fading and reappearing throughout his work like the smile on the face of the Cheshire cat. Breton reverts in the so-called poem just quoted to the dada practice of snipping items out of newspapers with a pair of scissors—scissors and no taste—but he definitely omits their haphazard method of taking them out of a hat. This by normal standards would seem to be alright, quite comprehensible in fact. But it conflicts with his insistence on the dictatorship of the dream and the impartial play of thought.

Now the dream state which seems so productive of startling imagery is the release of free association throughout all the stages of learning and experience from earliest childhood. The flamboyant collision of strange words, ideas and images so prized by the surrealists is exceedingly common among children and primitive peoples. It is possible, therefore, that the more startling the collision the more like it is to be an early childish association.

M. Jean Paulhan in *Jacob Cow le Pirate* rightly points out that when the child or foreigner speaks of "a spoon with holes" or "a top for the head" we marvel at the richness of their imagination but it is only an effort on their part to make themselves understood for they either do not know the words "fork" or "hat" or they have escaped their memory. The same explanation holds for the child who described a glass newel knob as a "rainbow ball."

Surrealism suffers from an excess of theory—theory reeking of the formaldehyde of the dissecting table. Its psychological formulae creak like an unoiled sewing machine; whilst the umbrella defeats the sun—a sombre sombrero in fact that shuts out the high light of the conscious mind in the contemplation of the object. For the surrealist the stunning blow of the cudgel, represented in the comic papers by an arrangement of rays and stars, must have a significance beyond the dreams of the illustrator. The unconscious man will in this arbitrary oblivion

reach the surrealist heaven—a nirvana of superreality. The surrealist tentative *Ave* to Plato's world of Ideas is but the swift prelude to a sharp *Vale* to the *idées claires* of the classical Descartes. The intellect, like Love in the once popular print, is locked out but far less coyly.

The quarrel with the theory of surrealism however, does not invalidate its practice, though the one does not conform with the other. There are passages in Breton which have a musical and poetical quality arresting in their novelty; whilst in Eluard the school has produced a lyric poet, who for all the evidence of his verse might never even have peeped over the walls of Bedlam. Surrealist poetry might be expected to defy translation but Mr. Samuel Beckett has in the following poem caught Paul Eluard's* elusiveness:

LADY LOVE.

She is standing on my lids
And her hair is in my hair
She has the colour of my eye
She has the body of my hand
In my shade she is engulfed
As a stone against the sky.

She will never close her eyes
And she does not let me sleep
And her dreams in the bright day
Make the suns evaporate
And me laugh cry and laugh
Speak when I have nothing to say.

The surrealist has also invaded the domain of painting—an invasion which is both an aggression and a challenge. Whether it is Man Ray imitating painting by photography, or Max Ernst expressing himself by plastic poetry or Picasso with his inevitable mandoline now stated through the configuration of a dirty shirt nailed to his canvas, or Salvador Dali making a cunning design out of *dissecta membra*, or Marcel Duchamp signing a blot of ink which defies copying more effectively than a Titian—all by their use of *collage* impeach the permanence of painting. The medium

*("Thorns of Thunder," selected Poems of Paul Eluard, Europa Press and Stanley Nott. 5/- net).

is no longer the painting, or indeed, paint. Instead we have bits of cloth, cardboard, string, wire, labels, beads—the thing itself rather than the painting of the thing, stuck to the canvas and organised into a design.

Art according to Louis Aragon has ceased to be individual. (In this way surrealism is linked up with communism). A painting is a luxury only to be afforded by the rich, or provided for him in his club, his café, or his theatre. But *collage* is right in to the poor man's basket. Anyone can indulge himself. The peasant can stick his designs on the oozing walls of his cabin with far less permanence than the stone scratchings of the cave man but with a pat on the back denied to the troglodyte. Every man his own artist, would appear to be the new slogan and if it is a case of decorating one's own hut, the question of intelligent communication is entirely idle. But here again theory falls foul of practice for *collagé* is only non-individual in so far as it may be employed by the masses, with or without a diploma from an Academy of Art or the Union of Bill Posters.

The efforts on the part of Aragon and his friends to integrate communism into the surrealist creed can really only arise out of a desire for revolution, any revolution rather than an implicit faith in Marxian dogma. The surrealists are regarded with a natural suspicion on the Volga and their periodical might be retitled *Disservice to the Revolution* if the serious Moscow reformers were consulted. The surrealist political swing to the Left is in their eyes nothing more than a *gaucherie*.

BIBLIOGRAPHIES OF 1916 AND THE IRISH REVOLUTION

X. TERENCE MacSWINEY

(1) THE MUSIC OF FREEDOM. (1907).

THE/MUSIC OF FREEDOM./(*Interlaced harp design with, at top*) "I AM NEW STRUNG"
(*and, at bottom*) "I WILL BE HEARD"/CUIREADÓIR./ALL RIGHTS RESERVED BY
THE AUTHOR./THE RISEN GAEDHEAL PRESS, CORK./1907./(*PRINTED ON IRISH
VELLUM*)

8vo: $7\frac{1}{8} \times 4\frac{3}{8}$: pp. 112: Comprising Title, with verso blank, pp. [1-2]:
Preface, pp. [3]-4: Prefatory poem, pp. [5-6]: Text, pp. [7]-105: Page [106]
blank: Notes, pp. [107-110] with printer's imprint at bottom of page [110]:
pp. [111-112] blank.

Page 4 is numbered iv, the remainder of the first seven pages being un-
numbered.

Issued in light blue cloth, lettered in gilt on spine and on front cover, pale
green designed end papers, all edges trimmed. No signatures.

Although dated 1907, the book was not issued until 1908.

(2) THE REVOLUTIONIST (1914).

THE REVOLUTIONIST/A PLAY IN FIVE ACTS/BY TERENCE J. MACSWINEY/MAUNSEL
AND COMPANY LTD./DUBLIN AND LONDON/1914/ACTING AND ALL OTHER RIGHTS
RESERVED BY THE AUTHOR.

8vo: $7\frac{3}{8} \times 5$: pp. viii+136: Comprising Title, with copyright note and
printers' imprint on verso, pp. [i, ii]: Dedication, with verso blank, pp. [iii, iv]:
Preface pp. [v]-vii: Persons of the play, page [viii]: Text, pp. [1]-136. Pages
1, 26, 45, 63, 70, 78, 95, 108 and 122 are unnumbered. On page [108] Act IV is
printed instead of Act V.

Issued in dark grey boards, with purple linen back. White paper label on
spine. Front cover lettered in gilt. Top edges trimmed, fore and lower edges
untrimmed. White end papers.

Most of this book was burned in a fire at the publishers. Some sheets which
survived were bound up in a secondary binding of green boards, with dark reddish-
brown spine, without any paper label, and with all edges trimmed.

(3) ROSSA (1915)

ROSSA/BORN 1831. DIED 1915./BURIED GLASNEVIN CEMETERY, DUBLIN./SUNDAY,
AUGUST 1ST, 1915./"OH, DO NOT FEAR FOR IRELAND,/FOR SHE HAS SOLDIERS
STILL."/ PUBLISHED BY THE O'DONOVAN ROSSA FUNERAL COMMITTEE,/41 PARNELL
SQUARE, DUBLIN./(*Rule*)/PRICE ONE PENNY.

8vo: $7\frac{3}{8} \times 4\frac{1}{8}$: pp. 16: Comprising Title, enclosed in wavy border, with
verso blank, pp. [1-2]: Text, pp. [3]-16: Printer's ornament and printer's
imprint at bottom of page 16. All edges trimmed. Issued without wrappers.
Author's name at end of text.

(4) BATTLE-CRIES (1918).

BATTLE-CRIES/BY/ṬOIRṬEALBÁC MÁC SUIBNE/1918.

8vo: $7\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{3}{4}$: pp. 56: Comprising Half title, with verso blank, pp. [1-2]: Title, with verso blank, pp. [3-4]: Dedication, with verso blank, pp. [5-6]: Contents, with verso blank, pp. [7-8]: Text, pp. 9-55: Page 56 blank. Pp. 49-50, Fly-title with verso blank, unnumbered.

Issued in grey wrappers, lettered in black on front cover. All edges trimmed. No printer's imprint.

(5) THE ETHICS OF REVOLT (1918).

THE ETHICS OF REVOLT/(Rule)/A DISCUSSION FROM A CATHOLIC POINT OF VIEW/AS TO WHEN IT BECOMES LAWFUL TO RISE IN/REVOLT AGAINST THE CIVIL POWER/BY/ṬOIRṬEALBÁC MÁC SUIBNE./(Rule)/REPRINTED FROM *Irish Freedom*, SEPT. TO DEC. 1912.

8vo: $7\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{3}{4}$: pp. 24: Comprising Title, with verso blank, pp. [1-2]: Prefatory Note, with verso blank, pp. [3-4]: Text, pp. [5]-24.

Issued in pale blue wrappers, lettered in black on front cover. All edges trimmed. No printer's imprint.

This pamphlet consists of some of the series of articles fully reprinted in No. (6).

(6) PRINCIPLES OF FREEDOM (1921)

PRINCIPLES OF FREEDOM/BY/TERENCE MACSWINEY/LATE LORD MAYOR OF CORK/(Publisher's designed monogram)/NEW YORK/E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY/681 FIFTH AVENUE.

8vo: $7\frac{1}{8} \times 4\frac{7}{8}$: pp. xvi+244: Comprising, Blank leaf preceding half-title: Half-title, with verso blank, pp. [i-ii]: Title, with copyright notice, date, and imprint on verso, pp. [iii-iv]: Dedication, with verso blank, pp. [v-vi]: Preface, pp. vii-x: Contents, with verso blank, pp. xi-[xii]: Fly-title, with verso blank, pp. [xiii-xiv]: Text, pp. 1-244.

No signatures. The first page of the preface, and of each of the nineteen chapters, numbered at bottom, others at top.

Issued in green cloth, lettered in gilt on spine and on front cover. All edges trimmed. White end papers.

Published in January, 1921. The Irish edition, published by the Talbot Press, in July, 1921.

(7) TEACH US HOW TO DIE (1922).

A poem by Terence MacSwiney, first printed in a newspaper in, I think, 1920, and republished as a leaflet in 1922.

$7\frac{1}{8} \times 5\frac{3}{8}$: No imprint: Title at top.

TEACH US HOW TO DIE,/BY TERENCE J. MACSWINEY,/LORD MAYOR OF CORK.

Note 1.—Four plays by Terence MacSwiney have not been printed, viz.:

The Last Warriors of Coole.

The Holocaust.

Manners Masketh Man.

The Wooing of Emer.

The first two of these were produced by the Cork Dramatic Society in 1910, and the other two by the same Society in 1911.

Note 2.—*Fianna Fáil*, a weekly journal published at Cork from 19th Sept. 1914, to 5th Dec., 1914, eleven numbers, was edited, and nearly all written, by Terence MacSwiney.

XI. F. SHEEHY SKEFFINGTON

(1) A FORGOTTEN ASPECT OF THE UNIVERSITY QUESTION (1901).

TWO ESSAYS/(Rule)/ "A FORGOTTEN ASPECT OF THE UNIVERSITY QUESTION"/BY/F. J. C. SKEFFINGTON/AND/"THE DAY OF THE RABBLEMENT"/BY/JAMES A. JOYCE/(Double Rule)/PRICE TWOPENCE/(Double Rule)/PRINTED BY/GERRARD BROS.,/87 STEPHEN'S GREEN,/DUBLIN.

8vo: $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{3}{8}$: pp. 8 and wrapper: Comprising Title, on front wrapper, within a decorative double border, with verso blank: Half title to both essays, with joint preface on verso, pp. [1-2]: Text of Mr. Skeffington's essay pp. [3]-6: Text of Mr. Joyce's essay, pp. [7]-8. Back wrapper blank on both sides.

Issued in pink wrapper, lettered in black. All edges trimmed.

(2) MICHAEL DAVITT (1908).

MICHAEL DAVITT/REVOLUTIONARY, AGITATOR/AND LABOUR LEADER/BY/F. SHEEHY-SKEFFINGTON/WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY JUSTIN MCCARTHY/T. FISHER UNWIN/LONDON: ADELPHI TERRACE LEIPSIC: INSELSTRASSE 20/1908.

Large 8vo: $8\frac{5}{8} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$: pp. xx+292: Comprising Half title, with verso blank, pp. [i-ii]: Title, with *all rights reserved* on verso, pp. [iii-iv]: Three quotations from Davitt, with verso blank, pp. [v-vi]: Preface, pp. vii, viii: Contents, with verso blank, pp. ix-[x]: Sonnet *Michael Davitt* by Justin Huntly McCarthy, with verso blank, pp. xi[xii]: Introduction by Justin McCarthy, pp. xiii-xix: Page xx blank: Text pp. [1]-280: Index pp. 281-291: Printer's imprint on page 292. Portrait of Davitt between half title and title.

Issued in dark green cloth, lettered in gilt on spine with two gilt lines top and bottom: lettered in gilt on front cover within blind two-line border: Blind two-line border on back cover. Top edges gilt, fore and lower edges untrimmed. Cream end papers.

The title uses the hyphen in the author's name, and the Preface is signed with the hyphen, but both the spine and the front cover are without it.

(3) WAR AND FEMINISM (1914).

WAR AND FEMINISM/(Rule)/BY F. SHEEHY SKEFFINGTON.

8vo: $7\frac{1}{8} \times 5$: pp. 8: Comprising Title, as above, at top of page [1] of text: Text pp. [1]-8. At bottom of page 8 "Reprinted from the Irish Citizen."

(4) OPEN LETTER TO THOMAS MacDONAGH (1915).

Four page leaflet.

8vo: $8\frac{1}{8} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$; pp. 4. Page [1] Title: pp. [2-4] Text. Pages unnumbered, and edges trimmed.

The title printed in black, within a border of three wavy lines, is divided into three panels by intersecting three wavy lines.

Top Panel: AN OPEN LETTER/TO/THOMAS MACDONAGH/BY/FRANCIS SHEEHY SKEFFINGTON.

Middle Panel: Portraits of the two protagonists, side by side, each in a border, Rule down the middle between them, and underneath—"MR. F. SHEEHY SKEFFINGTON," and "MR. THOMAS MACDONAGH," respectively.

Bottom Panel: PRICE TWO PENCE./(Double Rule)/REPRINTED FROM THE "IRISH CITIZEN,"/22ND MAY, 1915.

(5) THE PRODIGAL DAUGHTER (1915).

THE/PRODIGAL DAUGHTER/A COMEDY IN ONE ACT/PORTRAIT OF AUTHOR/BY F. SHEEHY SKEFFINGTON/(Rule)/PRICE ONE PENNY.

8vo: $7\frac{1}{8} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$; pp. 24+wrapper: Comprising Title, as above, on front wrapper with date on verso: Text pp. 1-23: Page [24] blank: Caste of first production and printer's imprint on inside of back wrapper, with outside back blank.

Pink wrappers. Title in black within border of three wavy lines. All edges trimmed. A number of copies are $\frac{1}{16}$ shorter both ways.

(6) SPEECH FROM THE DOCK (1915).

F. SHEEHY SKEFFINGTON'S/SPEECH FROM THE DOCK./WITH LETTER FROM/GEORGE BERNARD SHAW./ELOQUENT DEFENCE OF THE RIGHTS/OF FREE SPEECH./DUBLIN :/PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY THE IRISH WORKERS' COOPERATIVE/ SOCIETY AT LIBERTY HALL, BERESFORD PLACE, DUBLIN.

8vo: $7\frac{1}{8} \times 4\frac{1}{8}$; pp. 12+iv: Comprising Title, with verso blank, pp. [1-2]: Foreword, pp. [3-4]: Text pp. [5]-12: Mr. Shaw's letter, pp. [1]-iv.

Issued in cream-yellow and reddish-pink wrappers, lettered in black on front cover, which also has in a central panel a portrait of the author. All edges trimmed. There are other copies slightly shorter, or slightly narrower—probably due to vagaries in trimming.

(7) IN DARK AND EVIL DAYS (1916).

IN DARK AND EVIL DAYS/BY/FRANCIS SHEEHY SKEFFINGTON/(Double Rule)/DUBLIN/JAMES DUFFY & CO., LTD./38 WESTMORELAND STREET/(Small Rule)/1916.

8vo: $7\frac{1}{8} \times 4\frac{3}{4}$; pp. xxviii+238: Comprising Half title, with Irish Trade Mark, and "Printed and bound in Dublin," on verso, pp. [i, ii]: Title, with

verso blank, pp. [iii, iv] : Dedication, with verso blank, pp. [v, vi] : Contents, pp. [vii] viii : Fly title, Biographical Notice/Francis Sheehy Skeffington, pp. [ix, x] : Text of Biographical Notice, by Mrs. Sheehy Skeffington, pp. [xi]–xxviii : Text, pp. 1–237 : Printer's imprint on page 238. Portrait of the author between half title and title.

Issued in dark green cloth, lettered in gilt on spine. Front cover has two-line border in blind, with in centre elaborate shamrock, harp, pike design, also in blind. All edges trimmed. White end papers.

In Dark and Evil Days was first printed in *St. Patrick's* from June 27 to September 19, 1903, with illustrations, under the pseudonym of Christopher Francis.

(8) A FORGOTTEN SMALL NATIONALITY (1917).

A FORGOTTEN SMALL NATIONALITY/IRELAND AND THE WAR/BY F. SHEEHY SKEFFINGTON/(*Rule*)/BRITISH MILITARISM AS I HAVE KNOWN IT/BY HANNA SHEEHY SKEFFINGTON.

8vo : $8 \times 5\frac{3}{8}$: pp. 32 : Comprising Title with, on verso, The Donnelly Press/164 East 37th Street/ New York city/ pp. [1–2] : Text of Mr. Sheehy Skeffington's essay pp. 3–16 : Text of Mrs. Sheehy Skeffington's essay pp. 17–32. Between pages 16 and 17 there are photographs of Mr. Sheehy Skeffington, and of Mrs. Sheehy Skeffington and their son.

Issued in green wrapper, printed in black within decorative black border. All edges trimmed.

Note.—Mr. Sheehy Skeffington was joint Editor, with Fred Ryan, of *The National Democrat*, and, with T. M. Kettle, of *The Nationist*. He was Editor of the *Irish Citizen* from 1913 till his death.

In 1906 he edited and published a weekly eight-page Journal-Causerie, *Dialogues of the Day*, which ran for 12 numbers, from July 7th to September 22nd, the contents of which, save for letters from correspondents, were all written by himself.

P. S. O'HEGARTY.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

By M. J. MacManus

MARSH'S LIBRARY appeals equally to the bibliophile and to those who like things unspoilt. It houses not only a collection of books with unique associations, but it remains, in its essentials, exactly the same as when Dean Swift sat in it scribbling in his spidery hand his violently anti-Scottish marginalia on the broad margins of Clarendon's History. With its oak benches and reading-desks, its quaintly-carved windows and its quiet, almost religious, atmosphere, it is an entirely delightful early-eighteenth-century survival.

In the booklet under notice we have, from the pens of Mr. Newport B. White and the late Dr. Newport J. D. White, three essays concerning this venerable institution. The first of these gives us its history from the time when Archbishop Marsh "did out of his generous inclinations to the public good of this Kingdom, for the propagation of the true Christian Religion as by Law established, and for the encouragement of learning, at his own great Costs and Charges, erect and build a fair large House upon part of the garden or ground belonging to the House of St. Sepulchre's which is the antient seat or Pallace of the Archbishops of Dublin, near to the City of Dublin." Since that time there have not been many changes. The Library has grown by gift and bequest from its original number of 9,512 books—Bishop Stillingfleet's collection—to some 25,000 volumes; and it has lost a thousand or so by theft or carelessness. In the eighteenth century Walter Harris was able to write of Marsh's: "I am under the necessity of acknowledging from a long experience that this is the only useful library in the kingdom, being open to all strangers and at all seasonable times." There are thousands of free libraries to-day, but the Irish book-lover must still pay homage to the oldest of them all.

The essay on "Swiftiana in Marsh's Library" is of especial interest, not only to collectors and students of Swift, but to all who revere the great Dean's memory. Here are volumes which once belonged to him, with his notes and authentic signature, some belonging to his early days and others to his latest period. The first edition of Sir William Temple's *Letters to the King* is here, which Swift edited and published in 1703, and the fly-leaf bears an inscription in the editor's hand to Archbishop Marsh himself. Then there is the well-known copy of Clarendon's *History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars in England* (the 1707 edition) with the copious notes which were afterwards used in Sir Walter Scott's edition of Swift's works. Bibliographers will be interested in the list of pamphlets in Marsh's given by Dr. Newport White which may be classed as "Swiftiana." Several of these deal with the proposal to establish a bank in Ireland, a project in which we know Swift took an actively opposing part. One of his early poems, it may be remembered, was called "The Bubble," for the disasters that followed the South Sea crash had lingered bitterly in his memory. Three of the tracts

he wrote in opposition to the Irish bank scheme are to be found in Marsh's, as well as a pamphlet by him dealing with the "Sacramental Test" controversy. Dr. White suggests that still another pamphlet, "The State of the Roman Catholics of Ireland," may be by Swift, but there is nothing save internal evidence to guide the bibliographer. Contemporary pamphlets in the Swift manner are very numerous—to the confusion of all collectors—and they impel one to quote Swift's own words: "Surely you in this country have got the London fancy that I am the author of all the scurvy things that come out here."

The final note on autographs in the Library by Mr. Newport B. White makes entertaining reading, although, on the whole, they are of less interest than one might have expected. But those of William Camden, Hugh Latimer, John Foxe, Sir Kenelm Digby and Sir Richard Fanshawe should draw many a pilgrim to this literary shrine.

An Account of Archbishop Marsh's Library, Dublin. By Newport J. D. White, D.D., with a Note on Autographs by Newport B. White, M.A. (Dublin: Hodges, Figgis. 1s.).

BOOK REVIEWS

THE BIRTH OF ULSTER. By Cyril Falls. Methuen. 10s. 6d.

The Birth of Ulster claims to be an explanation of why "Northern Ireland is not under the rule of the Irish Free State and remains closely linked with Great Britain." The explanation provided is found in the conquest of Ulster under Elizabeth and the plantation by James I of six of its nine counties with English and Scots settlers whose loyalty to the imperial connection has remained unalterable ever since. The nature of this plantation is given in detail and its subsequent history carried to 1641. The remaining twenty pages are a sketchy outline of Protestant Ulster as "the loyal province" (save for the Republicanism of a Presbyterian section in the period 1793-1798), its former rejection of Home Rule for all Ireland and final refusal, in our time, to join in political union with the majority of Irishmen.

The opening twenty-six pages on medieval Ulster can hardly be regarded as scholarly or adequate and the final twenty-four hardly provide a fair or sufficient explanation how the Presbyterian majority, after siding for so long over economic and political grievances with the majority of the unprivileged people, became Unionist and swore to Carson's Covenant. The Land War is hardly mentioned. Is it quite fair to say of Parnell that "his policy was to make government impossible, to keep a constitutional campaign in the foreground *while his secret allies developed one of terror in the background*," etc?

But the author, who is a literary man, an Ulsterman, the historian of the Ulster Division and one of the official historians of British military operations in the Great War, can certainly write attractively and as a historian when he likes, and he has, in the 200 pages which form the body of the book, given us a study of Ulster history in the period 1540-1640, which is worthy of respect, and in many pages of admiration. He very rightly (though the explanation is no new one) emphasises that the success of the Ulster colony has lain in the fact of its industrial, farming, democratic, Calvinistic character. Had the "Plantation" merely been, like previous attempts, one of English landlords and squires, there can be little doubt that the Celt and the Catholic would be to-day ruling in the old Ulidian land as he does in the other four provinces, and Ireland would be a political entity limited only by the four seas.

The O'Neills naturally play a large part in this story and Mr. Falls has not minimized their importance. Though apt to be a little jocular about Irish chiefs (e.g. "sherry swilling Tirlagh") he is not ungenerous to the last champions of Gaelic independence. Few Ulstermen, even of the "dour and loyal" type will refuse their admiration to the great Hugh O'Neill who would have chimed in heartily with their proud slogan: "Ulster will fight and Ulster will be right." Mr. Falls does admire him and makes acute observations on his military and political abilities. His description of the Yellow Ford as O'Neill's greatest victory is an admirable page. Nor does he hesitate to condemn Chichester's "cold savagery" and the broken promises made to Niall Garbh, O'Donnell, O'Cahan and others. His explanation of the reasons for the "Flight of the Earls" is about as good an explanation as can be found.

The supposed "treason" of men like Niall Garbh we cannot accept as easily as he seems to do, and though regrets over their shockingly unfair treatment are now out of date, such a phrase as "we need waste no tears upon," etc., strikes one as somewhat unworthy.

We can hardly expect the author of such a theme to condemn the Plantation of Ulster which again would be indulging in vain regrets, but he shows that it did not entail so sweeping a dispossession of native proprietors as is often assumed. Indeed, his study of the Plantation, in origin, details, completion and procedure (pp. 146-229) is admirable and clear and by far the best part of the book. Nor is it too laboured, for Mr. Falls does not claim to have written a work of close or original research. Here we might suggest that Dr. Mahaffy's *An Epoch in Irish History* is worth adding to his bibliography. We are glad to note that though he uses and seems to admire Lord Ernest Hamilton's works on Elizabethan Ulster, etc., he writes in a more generous way of the old native race.

We confess to a slight exasperation over his spelling of some Irish names, for example, "Tirlagh" (why not Turloch as a compromise?), and "Mulmorie or Miller Magrath." Could he not, at least, have called this Archbishop Myler or Meiler?

To conclude: This is an attractively turned-out, clearly printed and readable book which the general public, unless they find the story of the Ulster plantation too painful a picture of legalised injustice and judicial murder, can well be recommended to purchase and peruse as a fair and manly study. There is a useful map of the province at the time of the Plantation and eight handsomely produced plates, including portraits of Sir Robert Cecil and Sir James Hamilton, but curiously not one of the viceroy, Chichester.

In an appendix we are given genealogies of the O'Neills, O'Donnells and Maguires of the time. While the two latter seem correct, we have a suspicion that the author has got the O'Neills wrong. He makes Shane (killed 1567), son of Conn Bacach, to be ancestor of the famous Felim O'Neill, who led the Ulster rising of 1641. But if, as we must suppose, by this Shane he means the famous Seán Mór, then he has got the pedigree wrong, for Sir Felim's descent was:—Felim son of Turloch son of Henry Oge son of Henry son of an earl Seán, who was son of Conn Mór and younger brother of Conn Bacach. E. C.

PREHISTORIC MAN IN IRELAND. By Cecil B. Martin. MacMillan. 21s.

In this book Mr. Martin, who is the Anatomist of Trinity, examines scientifically every prehistoric skeleton which has been discovered in this country, describes them and classifies them, and having displayed fully his material, makes some interesting deduction from that material. It is a book which even the non-technical reader can read and, within limits check.

Mr. Martin's conclusions are very interesting, even if they are, as he himself states, tentative. He confirms generally, from the evidence, the Irish Annalists' accounts. "It follows from this that we can regard the accounts left us by the early annalists as being documents of considerable historical value. Their records of the various invasions and descriptions of the different races of which they were composed appear to have been remarkably accurate."

It is the first time that a survey of this sort has been undertaken here, and one hopes that it will be followed up. Mr. Martin equates the Firbolg, Danaans, and Milesians, with the Iberian, Bronze-age, and Iron-age invaders of Ireland respectively, and his conclusion is that up to the time of the Romans, Ireland racially was much the same mixture as Great Britain. But Ireland suffered neither a Roman invasion nor a Saxon one. And then there is geography, which is a

potent race-mutator. It would be interesting to "produce" Mr. Martin's conclusions to our own day and see how they square with the ethnological conclusions of the Harvard Scientists who carried out last year a comprehensive ethnological examination of types in this country when they are available. One hopes that Mr. Martin will make the comparison.
P. S. O'H.

DUBLIN UNDER THE GEORGES. By Constantia Maxwell. Harrap. 12s. 6d.

Dublin has had a great many lives—a Norse Kingdom, the Heart of the Pale the Centre and Nerve-spot of the Colonial Nationalism of which the Parliament of 1782 was the fine flower, and now at last the Capital of the Irish Nation, which includes the Northman, the Norman, the Saxon, and the persistent and conquering Gael. Miss Maxwell's admirably planned and admirably written book is the story of Dublin as the capital of the Colonial Nationality.

It is a picture, a very attractive picture, of an aristocratic civilisation, and every phase of it is covered. There are chapters on architecture, trade and industry, politics, art, and drama, and the great Irish figures of that century—Swift, Berkeley, Grattan, Goldsmith—flash across its pages, with many others only a little less famous.

Miss Maxwell has thrown the net of her authorities wide, and in matters of fact the book is impeccable. I observe with interest that she has dug up Lever's portrait, in *Charles O'Malley*, of Provost Jacky Barrett. When Lever's stage Irishism has been forgotten—it is at its worst only an exaggeration of a real thing, and all art is to some extent an exaggeration—he will be looked at again because of his value as social history.

On the last page of the book Miss Maxwell, who is a good Anti-Unionist, suggests that England would have been better advised to have allowed the Colonial Parliament to have made its own terms with the Irish, and thus let the two parties come together. But that was what England did not want. It was because their coalescing could not be prevented save by the Union that the Union was determined upon. But that is another story.

The book is well produced, with commendable illustrations and a welcome map.
P. S. O'H.

THE HUGUENOT SETTLEMENTS IN IRELAND. By Grace Lawless Lee, B.A. (Mod.). Longmans, Green and Company. 12s. 6d. net.

In "The Huguenot Settlements in Ireland" Miss Lee supplies material which has been omitted from, or but cursorily mentioned in, the versions of Irish history. After all, any story of the progress of a nation that does not fully take into account the bearings of all its exoteric influences—the good, as well as the bad—is at its best illusory; and, when debiting the alien, or "planter" with his confiscations and usurpations it is a human frailty to regard the meagre credit side as being unworthy of consideration in a general reckoning, especially if the account be a long one. The Huguenots were in a sense "planters," but they do not come into a general reckoning. It is true they came here at the invitation of the Irish Parliament; but the immigration and settlement occurred during a period too often regarded solely as a time of prolonged conflict between higher political interests, so their widespread social and industrial

influences were not recognised fully by contemporaneous annalists. Afterwards, when their progeny had blended with the indigenous population, their separate entity was lost, and, although, as Lady Morgan says, the Huguenots needed no panegyrist to justify their citizenship here, we needed a painstaking historian to tell us about their early struggles, their rise to success, and how with sober industry they paid, many times over, the debt to a country that had given them sanctuary. The book, which is based on the thesis for which its author was awarded the Blake National History Scholarship of Trinity College, Dublin, traces the stories of the scattered communities, the important parts filled by these French refugees in the social and commercial affairs of Dublin and Belfast and other centres, and tells how they founded Portarlington and Lisburn. It contains, too, an account—to give a comprehensive one now would be impossible—of the more notable families and their connections.

This is a very thorough work by an author who has proved by accomplishment her talent, to seek for, collate, and select relevant facts, and to present them fairly and pleasingly. The extent of her task in preparatory research is shown in the bibliography. The information is well documented, and the index—so necessary a factor in a work of this rank—has been compiled diligently.

SIX STUART SOVEREIGNS 1512—1701. By Eva Scott. London: George Allen & Unwin, Ltd. 12s. 6d. net.

Any book bearing such a title could not fail to be attractive. The glamour of the Royal Stuarts for some inexplicable reason seems never to fade, but keeps on fascinating from generation to generation. To write a treatise about this family is therefore a kind of literary recreation calling for no special sort of gift or equipment. A very handsome volume may be compiled from the most fragmentary materials: a deft arrangement of the Casket Letters, some spots of Rizzio's blood, a smile from Barbara Villiers or Nell Gwyn, and pronounced views on the Battle of the Boyne: such matters with a dash of imagination and a facile pen are enough on which to build a solid reputation as a Stuart historian. It has been done.

Written in an easy and flowing style; sufficiently well-informed to instruct a new-comer, the author with the help of the publishers has produced a book which is quite deserving of a conspicuous place in any library containing a section consecrated to the Stuarts. She is not, to be sure, without a manifest bias which in all conscience does torture the mind of those who know better. Every blot on these worthless people which the sober judgment of history has pronounced to be a smudge is presented here as *couleur de rose*. In telling their troubled story one detects in places a lack of adequate and painstaking research. Just to illustrate that point as we pass on, it is stated on pp. 41, 42 that "the unfortunate Marie, admittedly beautiful, failed somehow to touch his heart." Marie de Bourbon, daughter of Charles Duc de Vendome, was a hunchback—and that affliction in a measure tarnishes the lady's beauty and explains the inefficacious touch. But the author withal has carried to its close a task of considerable magnitude and succeeds to an astonishing degree in making the worse appear the better part. No mean achievement for those who can do it!

The volume opens with a fitting quotation which is a key-note to all that follows. It is a question for which the writer appears to have no sufficient answer:

"What has your family done, sir, thus to draw down the vengeance of Heaven on every branch of it, through so many ages?" An admiring Jacobite addressed that poser to Charles Edward. Did there perchance occur to the Prince those beautiful but terrible lines of Dante which might have been fittingly addressed to any or all of these Six Stuart Sovereigns?—*Chiamavi il cielo*—The heavens call to you and circle round you, displaying unto you their eternal splendours, and your eye gazes only to earth—*onde vi batte chi tutto discerne*—wherefore He who discerns all things buffets you."

No one expects detailed criticism of what is set down in the volume before us concerning all these rulers. Perhaps it is safe to say that Mary and the Merry Monarch stir up more interest than any of the others, and it is not necessary to stress the reason. Some have proved beyond a peradventure that victimized by her brother Moray, the real villain of the piece, this good woman has been placed by posterity in an utterly false position: others have successfully shown that nurtured in the Louvre which Brantôme describes, it would have been a real miracle had Mary on the emotional side of her nature failed to set the burning example that is so sedulously copied to-day by the more prominent Californian film-stars. I am quite unable to decide. Of Charles II there can be no two opinions. Speaker Onslow in a note on Burnet has shown us the man's character in a vivid light. This is what he thinks of him: "Charles had neither conscience, religion, honour or justice, and he does not seem to have had even the feelings of them. He had all the pleasantries and vices of his grandfather, Henry IV, but not one of his virtues." Surely the treatment he meted out to his young wife immediately after marriage is the worst thing recorded of this low and contemptible prince who had every qualification required in a swell-mobsmen.

As one thinks of the perfectly idiotic way in which the second James trifled with the throne and people of England there is but one conclusion to be reached about him, viz., that the man was solid bone from the shoulders up.

Old mother Nature has a habit of eliminating those who are no good, therefore the Royal House of Stuart is no more.

SAMUEL B. CROOKS.

ASPECTS OF WILDE. By Vincent O'Sullivan. Constable. 10s.

Mr. O'Sullivan writes here his reminiscences of Oscar Wilde during Wilde's last years in Paris, and he has done a service to Wilde and to all interested in him. The pictures with which we have hitherto been presented of these years have displayed Wilde as a hopeless drunkard, filthy, sodden in mind as well as body, mostly without money, and sinking lower and lower every day. Mr. O'Sullivan gives us a picture of the man which is quite different, which shows him, of course, going under as he did go under, but not the filthy, hopeless, vagrant that we could never reconcile with the Wilde of the Nineties. He does confirm many of the most painful and discreditable things, the way Wilde was shunned generally, and the way most of his erstwhile Paris friends would have nothing to do with him, but he differs from other biographers in holding that Wilde maintained his gaiety, his good humour, his person, and his talk, despite everything.

It is time, indeed, that Wilde should be considered as a writer, and no longer as a mere unfortunate. He was a great unfortunate and a great writer. In England and in Ireland the literary critics cannot forget his sin and his misfortune, but his continental reputation, which is very high, rests on his writings. On this

side his misfortune, and the shock it gave to the English Society of his day, have prevented any real appraisal of his place in literature. Yet he had genius and nothing that he wrote is without talent. *The Importance of Being Earnest* is a masterpiece, a masterpiece of comedy and entertainment, and of nonsense, if you will, but still a masterpiece. *Salomé* is almost a masterpiece in another genre; combined with Beardsly's illustrations it is. *Dorian Gray* is a moral allegory, surprisingly greeted as an immoral book, in which Wilde shows, long before there was any shadow of misfortune, that no writer has a greater consciousness of the effects and consequences of that self indulgence which destroyed him. His other plays, his tales, his poetry, his essays, and his criticisms are all of a high order. The critics, it is true, give him little credit as a poet, deriving him from various dead masters. But the whole doctrine of Derivation in literature is a pernicious one, and the wind of true poetry blows through Wilde.

At any rate he paid for his sin, paid like a man. Let all that rest. His work remains, and it will remain.

P. S. O'H.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF JOHN GALSWORTHY. By H. V. Marrot. Heinemann. 21s.

To those who are interested in Galsworthy, and to that more select few who are interested in seeing the mind of a novelist at work, this book is of very particular significance. Mr. Marrot has wisely quoted at great length from actual letters and diaries, and in the result Galsworthy explains, in his own words and at the actual time of production, his aims and objects in the most of his early and best work. There are letters to and from Edward Garnett, Gilbert Murray, Barrie, Conrad, which are of the greatest interest, nor is it without sardonic interest that Conrad went on seeing every book as better than the preceding one. Galsworthy had no such illusion about Conrad's own books, and his estimate of them individually, in a letter to André Chevrillon on page 605 of this book, is a surprisingly sound one—though I personally cannot agree with him in regard to *Under Western Eyes*, which I regard as a great book, or *The Secret Agent*, which I regard as a poor one.

However, it is Galsworthy who is in question here, not Conrad. And of Galsworthy I think it must be said that he was a novelist of great talent, but hardly of genius, and for a short while a dramatist of the first order. With certain exceptions, to be later specified, his people hardly ever seemed to be real flesh and blood. They lived, moved, and had their being on the plane of the novelist's imagination, but somehow he did not succeed in getting them across in terms understandable to the rest of us. His mind was austere and selective, fine and gentle, with too much sympathy for the underdog. I say too much, for it led him into excesses and sentimentalities in his treatment of certain inevitable tragedies, painfulnesses, and awkwardnesses in life. He saw people and yet did not see them really; it was as if between him and them there were a transparent but palpable veil. Shadows.

His life, of course, lay in comfortable surroundings. He never had need to work for a living. His contact with the poor and the unfortunate was purely external and he never succeeded in putting himself into their minds, all he did was to put himself, with his mind and his fastidiousness and his brittleness, into their places. Like a District Visitor in a slum tenement who reflects how

awful the smells are. Awful for the District Visitor yes, but not necessarily for the dwellers.

Is there any novel of Galsworthy's which is wholly satisfactory? Hardly, but the most satisfactory is *The Country House*. *The Man of Property* is spoiled by the death of Bosinney, which runs away from the situation. This book reveals that originally Bosinney committed suicide, but this was changed after the receipt of some very sound and forcible objections from Mr. Garnett. There are gleams in *Fraternity*, and in *The Patrician* there is the figure of the Patrician himself, one of the best Galsworthy has drawn. But even in these two, his judicial balance, the one saving quality he had, was a little upset, he had begun to take sides, so to speak. After the *Patrician* there is not a really good novel. The *Dark Flower*, *Beyond*, and *Saints Progress* seem to me to be very small beer, and the late Forsyte novels, while much better than the non-Forsyte, to be boring as they progressed, save for *Soames*, who stands out triumphantly to the end. His women generally are not flattering to the sex. They are supine, helpless, bloodless creatures, for the most part. The short stories, on the other hand, are almost uniformly good, and two volumes of sketches, *A Motley* and *A Commentary* reach a high level.

But his place in fiction will depend on *The Country House* and *The Forsyte Saga*. The first of these, with its wise, humorous, ironic, sympathetic detachment seems to me the happiest thing he did, and *The Forsyte Saga* the strongest. *The Man of Property* was published in 1906, and no sequel to it was thought of until 1918, yet the Saga reads better than many a trilogy which was planned from the beginning as a trilogy. It has great qualities and memorable figures, and its picture of English life in the late Victorian age in the propertied stratum, with Old Jolyon dominating it at one end and Soames at the other, is a fine thing.

Galsworthy wrote 27 plays. Three of these—*The Silver Box*, *Strife*, and *Justice*—are of the first rank. The others are not. I may be overvaluing the three. On the other hand, if you see a play at the time it was written, produced under the author's own supervision, in the full stream of the contemporary life of which it is an illumination, you are bound to get a better idea of it than of some play which deals in material of which you have no contemporary experience. The first nights of *The Silver Box*, *Strife*, and *Justice*, were memorable nights in a period which itself was memorable and is now legendary. The first days of the Abbey! The boom in Shaw and in Euripides! The decline of Ibsen! The Manchester, Court, and Frohman Repertories! The meteoric flash of Stanley Houghton, St. John Hankin, and Granville Barker! The prime of the Actor Manager! In all that the three Galsworthy *premières* stand out. Here was an austere, passionless, mind, an intelligence pitiful and almost superhuman, an intellect essentially judicial, balanced, fixing and portraying certain dramatic situations in contemporary life, situations which were both particular and general, all done with that economy of words—the right word used in the right place, and only the right word—which is the vital point of all good writing—save that of Mr. Shaw, who is on a plane of his own. We were certain then that we were watching another great dramatist, and thirty years afterwards I am still certain, as far as these three plays are considered. After *Justice* he began to lose his judicial detachment, to take sides, and to do justice, because of the loss of his balance, neither to his reputation nor to his people. But in three plays he is a

great dramatist, three plays which are as perfect as a work of art can well aspire to be. Of none of his novels can that be said. They are good, in patches. Some of them are very good. But none of them are very good to the extent and to the degree which the three plays are.

The Man of Property was published in 1906, and *The Patrician* in 1910. *The Silver Box* was produced in 1906 and *Justice* in 1910. His flowering period was then 1906-10. We know what began it. He married in September, 1905, after a long and very trying attachment. The marriage liberated his spirit, and he broke out into triumphant activity. One wonders whether he would have kept it up had there been children. *They* at any rate would have made a vast difference, and diverted his mind from some of the comparatively minor things he more and more, as time went on, got into a panic about. But at any rate after 1910 the balance in his writing gradually went and austerity became aridity.

But, for the four fine years, and their fine flower, let us be duly thankful.
P. S. O'H.

ON ANOTHER MAN'S WOUND. By Ernie O'Malley. Dublin: At the Sign of The Three Candles. 8s. 6d. London: Rich & Cowan.

This book has two themes, the growing of a boy into manhood and the growth of the Sinn Féin movement after 1916. I don't know which I am the more interested in, the man or the movement; but, as each adds a light to the other, I am content to let them stir the mind as a single motif. It is symbolic, indeed, to find them take up arms at the same time; both shedding, as it were, the play values of childhood for something at once deeper and—as time turned each to their separate maturities—terrible. In 1916 O'Malley was a boy whose national sympathies were so little awakened that he would have helped to man Trinity College against a possible attack by the Irish Volunteers were it not for an accidental meeting with a student who favoured them. "But it's not your University. Remember, you'll have to shoot down Irishmen, your own countrymen. . . . You'll be sorry ever afterward. Think it over!" Thinking it over, wandering about the streets of Dublin, chattering with a rebel or two near the G.P.O., feeling the might of an empire gradually enmesh "the poor devils in their rat-traps," listening to the guns, the race-spirit decides for him. He borrows a rifle and does some private sniping on behalf of the rebels. It seems almost accidental, this first step on the Via Dolorosa of revolutionary politics. The odds, indeed, were against his taking it, since he, like most boys born into the materialistic shoneenism of country towns, was brought up to consider such a politic as "not respectable," and to label those intellectuals who subscribed to it as "quare fellows"—meaning anything from a communist to a believer in free-love—and the lowlier rank-and-file as "guttersnipes" or "men-without-a-stake-in-the-country." Afterwards, as we shall come to know O'Malley, we realize how inevitable it was that he should throw in his lot with the revolutionaries. It is not that he was born a rebel. It is rather as if he were born with that passion for integrity of self that must willy-nilly hew out the ideal image from the rough block of the world. He says very little in this book of the urge that drove him to assume the responsibility of action; he is content to merge himself with the deeds done. It is as if he stood back and watched with

interest another boy go through Ireland organising the I.R.A., wishing, as he hectored lackadaisical local commandants—older men, for more beard, a more imposing presence, and yet all the time doing his job, stirring up the country, outwitting the Police, weeding out laziness or cowardice, combating prejudice and—worst of all—putting up with the suspicion of a very suspicious people. It is hard for us, now, to realize that there was a time when an accredited representative of the central executive could be considered a spy, a British spy. Yet, as late as 1919, the Constabulary in County Clare could play the people so well that O'Malley was, at least, "doubtful."

This early portion of the book, though it is from the literary point of view the least good, is of absorbing interest. In it, the armed movement—and Mr. O'Malley—make the first real contact with the people, the solid country folk who were comfortable enough and content enough under a good land system to make unwelcome any disturbance at all in the social lineaments of their time. How the passive resistance of the elderly was over-ridden by their sons, and how they were at length, by the great spread of the movement, its growing "respectability," and—a more human factor—their feeling for their sons and their neighbours' sons who were in constant danger of death or prison, drawn gradually to share in the movement is noted here with a fine sensitiveness to nuances of folk mentality. If the book had nothing else to recommend it, it would be still of value for its study of folk reaction, intimate human twists which never find their way into history.

It is in the latter half of the book, however, that O'Malley comes really alive. The story is less of bare chronicling; he dwells more on separate events; one feels a living pictorial memory. Raids, ambushes, hairbreadth escapes, Brigade conferences, figures now all but mythical, Tipperary fighting men, Tans and Auxiliaries are passed as through a lifesize camera; and, though he is very careful to avoid any display of emotion—too careful, I think myself—the emotions of others with the terrors and glories of the time become very real to us. I have a fancy that he, too, becomes more real to himself as the book wears on. The man who was taken prisoner in County Kilkenny and beaten up badly before he was taken by tender to Dublin for further "third degree" seems to have rounded-out his personal identity by a change of name. "Bernard Stewart" is somehow more human than the many-aliased O'Malley. I have read nothing lately that approaches in power the story of his arrest and the after-scenes in Dublin Castle and Kilmainham. In the Castle, after being "put through it" (six pages were deleted here by the publisher), he sees, while exercising, a girl he used to know. . . . "She did not recognize me. 'We are prisoners,' I said . . . 'Aunty, don't you know me?' I asked. She stopped. 'No.'

'Look again!'

'My God, Earnan. Is it you? I did not know you. Oh! Who did that to you?' . . .

He is not often as personal as this. He is not seeing as in a distance the boy who went sniping during Easter Week. He is sitting on his own wound and thinking it part of the day's work. He can absorb pain because it is his own pain. Later there will be worse, the responsibility for the sufferings of others. ". . . I saw a man upright in the first lorry. He was tied with ropes by outstretched arms to the tailboard. There was blood on his face and clothes. . . .

I was told he was a dispatch rider who had been captured the previous evening with a dispatch of mine on him. He had not talked."

Our clearest vision of the man, however, and his maturity is obtained when three British officers who have been found searching for rebel dugouts are taken to him for sentence. He orders them to be shot. With a full knowledge of the spiritual issues involved and sensitively aware to all its implications for him personally, he accepts a convention and shoulders responsibility. It is the final gesture of a courageous man who comes to terms with himself and his world through the integrity of action. The boy is now full man. And this book is worthy of him.

BIRD ALONE. By Sean O'Faolain. Cape. 7s. 6d.

The conflict between the personal and the communal soul is an ever-recurrent theme for drama. In Ireland, where no philosophical chiaroscuro has blurred as yet the stern outline of mediaeval ethic, the drama takes, I fancy, a more bitter bias than in more urbane countries. To be born a Roman Catholic is something more than a domination of the intellect by a certain theory of belief; it is, also, to inherit an emotional attitude, a legacy of living, that has ruled the bodies of a thousand generations, and with it a conscience in which the World, the Flesh and the Devil retain still the capitals of the Penny Catechism and the folk-shapes of the middle ages. A narrow world enough for the Faustian spirit whose way is "to live, to err, to fall, to triumph, to recreate life out of life"; and it is not unnatural that the artist, Catholic born, should turn here for his theme. We have had of late years an amount of literature devoted to it by writers of native stock; the mass of it a literature of revolt. Joyce has said all there was to be said about the intellectual rebel; and O'Flaherty about him who is frankly phallic; while Clarke has made his later conscience sing penance—though not scrupling, as is the manner of penitent poets, to drop tempting hints as he sings. Of the considerable writers, Macnamara and T. C. Murray are the only ones who have taken the conventional standpoint of the people, and made their art out of the general attitude of acceptance of the spiritual authority of the Catholic Church. Our Irish cosmos, indeed, has been pretty well explored; and if Sean O'Faolain has not added considerably to our knowledge of it, he has struck what is almost a new note by pitting a pupa intellectualism against the ethic that swayed "Autumn Fire" to its submissive close. His new novel is a sincere piece of work; and, because the contour of his central idea is obscured often in the colours of his background, and suffers further complications on account of an elaborate contrast of the Fenian conscience with the less inhibited sincerity of a later generation, it is a better book on a second than on a first reading—and that notwithstanding a too-yielding lyricism, a preference for the phrase before the man, that results in pigmented rather than in dramatic situation. In this sort of novel where the issues lie between the mind and its environment, and where the issues are real everyday issues and the situation one that might be common enough throughout the country, the novel would be the more powerful, I fancy, for a more photographic realism. Frankly, it takes a strong lever to suspend one's disbelief in the household where Corny Crone "grows up to be a man." There is an old Fenian grandfather—the despair of his Catholic neighbours—and a symbol of that revolt against the Catholic Church which is much more political

than intellectual and more window-dressing than anything else—telling, with local emendations, the story of Faust to his grandchildren and behaving in less creditable ways when the pub-crawling fit comes on him. He is a real corner-stone to the story ; and enough of original sin for any ordinary household. Mr. O Faolain, however, provides Corny with a drunkard-slattern for mother, and a high-class London prostitute for aunt who, when she visits the house on a long, holiday, makes a brave show of mass-going and other religious observances while at the same time playing at lechery with Grandfather. Treated without an inlay of colourful writing, this might have become real enough to the imagination to be accepted without question. As it is, it is dragged like a too-long overture until it forms something in the nature of an anti-climax.

The love story of Corny and Elsie, though it too suffers somewhat from the too lyrical comment, is a sounder thing artistically. The early Elsie is a very real person both to the eye and the mind ; and the Catholic background in which she moves and has her being is well suggested by Mr. O'Faolain.

The book brightens when the love story between those two young people gathers weight : and there is a nice drama of conflict in which Corny is a mind that would see love as a royalty without trammels, free as Aphrodite in the clean foam ; and in which Elsie, contrariwise, is a conscience to whom love not blessed by sacrament of the Church is anathema. How she is dominated by the love she fears, and how he in his turn is dominated by the conventional conscience he thought to have cast aside, is the theme that emerges finally to hurry the story to its tragic close. Elsie dies at childbirth ; and Corny, bewildered by sorrow, turns chapel-goer till his mal-adjustment to the religious belief of his fellows becomes apparent to him with the re-hinging of his mind, and once more he becomes the proud seeker who will meet God only on equal terms. We are shown him at the end, an old man, more alone than his grandfather, sure of nothing except of his regret that once he bowed the knee and was " untrue to his sins."

If the book is not wholly satisfactory, it is, I think, because Sean O'Faolain has loaded the dice against himself in allowing Corny, grown old, to tell the story for him. An old man remembering is liable to be sentimental ; and while such softness may be in keeping with the character *as a character*, it is a discrepancy when allowed to run with the story, and leads at times to an irritating bathos that leaves the reader uncertain as to the author's sense of values. In such a scheme, too, there is for the reader an added difficulty of belief when a colloquial character such as Corny drops his local accent in favour of something more in keeping with professorial discussion. Joyce could manage to be schoolman and plain citizen at the one time. Sean O'Faolain has yet to make such an adjustment.

PADRAIC FALLON.

TRAVELLER IN TIME. By Mairin Mitchell. Sheed and Ward. 7s. 6d. net.

There was an ancient prophesy that a dark man of the three Collas would come from the north, from Inis Eoghan, whose sight would ' be keener than the sight of the eagle above Faill-a'-deata, for he would see those things happening which were yet before his days, and those people that were yet before his time would be alive unto him.' Colm MacColgan is the fulfilment of that prophesy. By his invention of Tempevision Colm MacColgan, citizen of the Republic of Ireland, in 1942 tunes-in to the past, and events which happened ten years ago

but were not photographed then are shown and their appropriate speech and thoughts reproduced. In this first demonstration of his invention in the Televue Theatre, Marble Arch, London, the field of vision ranges over the scene of his travels from 1932—the picture is of himself—'Traveller in Time.'

But Miss Mitchell's book is in the line of fulfilment of another prophesy—an exhortation, but a prophesy, for we who believe in the triumph of the best must allow a prophetic nature to the great exhortations of our national teachers, in this place to an exhortation of Davis: "We want the Irish who go abroad to bring something back besides the weary tale of the Louvre and Munich, and the cliffs of the Rhine, and the soft airs of Italy. We have heard of a patriot adventurer who carried a handful of his native soil through the world. We want our friends to carry a purpose for Ireland in their hearts, to study other lands wisely, and to bring back all knowledge for the sustenance and decoration of their dear home."

"How pleasantly and profitably for the traveller this can be done. There is no taste but may be interested, no capacity but can be matched, no country but can be made tributary to our own."

And to say that "Traveller in Time" takes a great step towards the realisation of this counsel, is to give the best description of Miss Mitchell's book.

But, again, the work, though framed in the artifice of tempevision, and though it may well be favoured by the public, is not to be thought of with the multitude of cursory and superficial travel books which seasonally, for a season, flood the press; and therefore, too, the critic must labour to express what is in him of truth regarding it. This is not to me the easiest task in the world, for when I began reading the book I was very excited, then I found my first expectation partially disappointed, and when I laid the book down I was in a state of amazement—amazement equally at its revelation and at the author's achievement.

The book is a travel book. As such it ranks high. Its peculiarity is that while it is a travel book of very high rank, it is neither truly the work of a creative artist, nor, *as written*, a scholar's book. Yet the matter is presented in a superior manner, and I was overwhelmed by the exhaustiveness, the extent and detail of its knowledge. What is it then? Competent? Erudite? Neither of these words exactly fits. It is spirited and informative. It is the former assuredly. It is the latter in an overwhelming degree. There is hardly a field of knowledge in which it is not informative.

The partial disappointment of my expectations was due to finding that the book was not creative in type, as I made sure it would be, nor written from the standpoint of scholarship which is always satisfying in another way. I deplored the discontinuous detail and the fragmentary subjects—but the Traveller passes with sedulous celerity. At length, by sheer accumulation of one of the classes of information in the book, the expected, unexpected, happened,—out of the sea of detail and the crowding references, happened an emergence—behold, beyond anything I had dreamed, *Ireland on the Continent*, an Ireland, which once almost *was*, and from the time of Eriugena has continued at the heart of the European Republic of Letters, an Ireland that led and leads—in every European country located, in ancient and modern times. Behold the peregrini! behold

the wild geese ! Who comprehended before in one view their unpassing splendour ! Behold the citizens of Ireland to-day, and their footprints in time ! Who dreamed that, scarce yet "out of such vicissitudes ; having had to conspire against, to confront, and take issue with a formidable government ; having had to undergo," (as it seemed) for centuries "a dull, a deadening, an exhausting isolation from all the scenes, pursuits and duties of society" ; we should in our own time emerge upon a higher stage, *en route*—yet here, already, in Spain, in Austria, in England, we trace them, Mr. De Valera, Mrs. Sheehy Skeffington, Mr. Peadar O'Donnell.

Miss Mitchell appends a scholarly list of works consulted—her numerous selection of quotations is most praiseworthy—but it is a specialised function which she herself has performed, and I, for one am grateful.

LYLE DONAGHY.

DAY OF WRATH. By Joseph O'Neill. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

The date that Joseph O'Neill gives for this terrible war is perilously near our own times. He is precise : "It was on the 13th May, 1952, that the abyss which was to engulf so great a part of our generation, first began to open under our feet . . . it was on that day that the thin crust of civilization began to give way." The story is the account of that giving way as seen through the author's imagination.

The scientific knowledge of to-day will be turned to the ends of war to-morrow. Universal destruction, the wiping out of continents in a day—in an hour—is made possible by the new transport, fast aeroplanes that navigate the stratosphere and out of the zenith, unseen, pilot robot bombing planes controlled by wireless to their death-dealing work of scattering gas bombs and incendiary torpedoes on helpless people below in town and city and countryside. Everything is done with scientific accuracy and completeness ; the story might call for the willing suspension of disbelief but that it is not quite a wondertale and is, to some extent, within the bounds of possibility.

The story is written around a mild type of triangle. Nellin (he has a dictator's name), a woman and the doctor who tells the tale. Travelling to Australia—the journey in 1952 takes only 24 hours—by fast aeroplane, he sees the war waging down under. Miraculous and last minute escapes bring him through and back to England where he sees and describes the methods of this warfare which wipes out London and devastates England.

The story has not much human interest ; it is a thriller in the Wellsian vein and may arouse in the reader the anguish that the tale of terror creates if it brings home to him the thought that sixteen years hence this enormous possibility may overwhelm him ; there is but one thing that may tax his credulity, that is, that there is no loophole of escape, as far as can be seen, for the war profiteer, because in Mr. O'Neill's scheme of things there is no safeguard for anyone, all are destroyed equally and even gas masks and underground cellars are not proof against this gas and incendiary warfare. He could, of course, stay up in the stratosphere in one of these aeroplanes with sealed cabins while the war is on, or . . . or . . . and so we are left considering the possibility of the war profiteers' escape while our own doom is irrevocably determined.

E. MACC.

NEW FICTION.

- EYELESS IN GAZA. By Aldous Huxley. Chatto and Windus. 8s. 6d.
 THEY WALK IN THE CITY. By J. B. Priestley. Heinemann. 8s. 6d.
 DAYS OF CONTEMPT. By Andre Malraux. Gollancz. 6s.
 CHOOSE A BRIGHT MORNING. By Hillel Bernstein. Gollancz. 6s.
 THE LAST ENEMY. By L. A. G. Strong. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.
 HAVEN FOR THE GALLANT. By Thomas Rourke. Constable. 7s. 6d.
 THERE'S A PORPOISE CLOSE BEHIND US. By Noel Langley. Barker. 7s. 6d.
 FIRES OF BELTANE. By Geraldine Cummins. Michael Joseph. 7s. 6d.

"And all the time millions of men and women were going cold and hungry, were being exploited, were being overworked, were being treated as though they were less than human, mere beasts of burden, mere cogs and levers; millions were being forced to live in chronic fear and misery and despair, were being dragooned and beaten, were being maddened with lies and cowed with threats and blows, were being herded this way and that like senseless animals on the road to market, to an ultimate slaughter house."

The quotation is from Mr. Huxley's new book, and it is typical of the state of mind of the present day novelist of quality who is being seduced from his proper preoccupation with individual human beings by either the alarming state of world affairs, or by the trumpery nature of much of modern civilisation. We ourselves are not yet at war, but the shadow of militarism and persecution lies so deeply on Europe that preoccupation with the individual factor and with personal concerns seems analogous to the example of Nero fiddling while Rome was burning. The first four novels on my list are inspired by this social uneasiness, and not least Mr. Priestley the circulation of whose novel has reached over 70,000.

Mr. Huxley, who rather pleasantly remains the eternal inquisitive and experimental undergraduate, has made *Eyeless in Gaza* somewhat more difficult to the reader than, I think, is necessary, by starting nearly at the end and running backwards and forwards through the years. I doubt that this experiment in time makes for any definite gain, except that it was probably more interesting for Mr. Huxley to write in this way, and there may be those who like jigsaw puzzles served in novel form. However, one way and another, the purpose is to trace the evolution of the thoughtful, intellectual and very conscious and fastidious Anthony Beavis through his attempt to subordinate the fret and fever of personal relations to a perfect philosophic state of ironic dilettantism, which finally yields to a sense of acute responsibility, not for himself alone, but for all life. A simpler individual, or a more naturally mystical individual than Mr. Huxley, might point out that everything that Mr. Beavis has learnt and expounded has been written for a good many years in the sayings of Jesus of Nazareth, where what he says at some length is conveyed with a genius of economy. But to point out as much is not to undervalue the significance and fine integrity of this long book which is best regarded as an illuminating chronicle of a modern's pilgrim's progress from Doubting Castle to faith in the underlying unity of life and brotherhood of man. And for Beavis the convert there seems no alternative but to take active part in the idealistic and pacifist movements,

which for all their weaknesses are set against that bludgeoning of the human spirit which is the most terrible indictment of the state of the world to-day.

Mr. Priestley's preoccupation is less obvious than Mr. Huxley's for the reason that he is too excellent a journalist—which is to say he is too brilliant an observer of the details of everyday life—not to drop a cloak of robust but beautifully created and observed scene. But the signal is the almost contemptuous if kindly spirit in which he treats his main characters, Rose and her young man from Yorkshire. It is not Rose as a waitress in a cafe that matters, but the cafe, the kind of people who come to the cafe; and we feel that Mr. Priestley is not only intent on but appalled by the spectacle of the streets, shops, dance halls and theatres of London with their brassy types and their defeated types, their beggars and their lost natives from a securer age like the old clown who can no longer find much work in a world which prefers radio, red hot bands and crooners to the honest art of the individual. It is noteworthy, too, that Mr. Priestley lets London defeat his Yorkshire lad and lass, sending them back to their native soil as the best he can do for them. Needless to say, this book is exceedingly readable, but is a long way from being the pick-up that made *The Good Companions*, an inferior work, such a tonic for Mr. and Mrs. Everyman.

Both *Days of Contempt* and *Choose a Bright Morning* have come before us with preliminary trumpetings, which do not really predispose an humble reviewer in their favour despite Mr. Gollancz's pleasant joke on the wrap-cover of one about the unlikelihood of anyone perjuring themselves to do a publisher (in brackets he puts "of all people!") a favour. They are both propagandist novels; but whereas Andre Malraux makes a direct assault on our nerves by his account of a Communist confined under apprehension of death in a German prison cell, with full accompaniment of torture and wilful cruelties, Mr. Bernstein attacks the dictator, strong man, hero myth, by means of laughter. And for myself I prefer his satire which presents to us an American loose at the Court of Bideo, the dictator, and doing his best to exterminate the last vestiges of individualism. Wilbur Keets submits himself to the discipline of the training camp:—

"To my astonishment and chagrin I could still remember facts from the past, could still reason (and how that hurt me!), was still able to answer questions and argue. My overseers had to beat me a little more frequently and roughly. But there was no appreciable change. Could I not be reclaimed? Was there some inner devil in me which resisted, which mocked all my efforts? Was I doomed to have an individual soul and a liberal psychology?"

The difference, or one of them, between these two short books is that while M. Malraux confesses boldly in his preface that he has an axe to grind and is definitely in the camp of the Reds against the Blacks, Mr. Bernstein is one of those who says in effect, a plague on both, and all, your shirts. He is a propagandist for the old-fashioned notion of the freedom of the individual, which, alas, begins to look as if it required some rally of its adherents.

But when one turns to the first of the four story novels on my list, it is a disappointing one. Mr. Strong's hero, Dennis, is a young schoolmaster, who in the first part of the book—it is in the early days of the war—is rejected by the Medical Board in Oxford in a scene which Mr. Strong's resentment of a bullying

sergeant and militaristic methods makes almost as harrowing as a description of the mud and blood of Flanders. In the second part of the book Dennis falls in love with the wife of another master, and they plan elopement. But Dennis dies in saving a child from being run over, and then we get the final chapter in which the spirit desperately struggling back to his Ruth is illuminated by the conviction that it is better for him to have died than to have lived a life of "sordid concealment" with his love. Mr. Strong makes us believe that he has something which it is important for him to say; but he has hardly succeeded in making anything but a trite pattern.

The description on the cover of *Haven for the Gallant* also suggests triteness. It reads: "The wedded passion of Tony and Joanna, the married misery and bickering of Jim and Stella Mae, were both the result of a crash from wealth to poverty. When they were rich and pleasure-seeking, Tony and Joanna had no time to love one another; now that they have to struggle for livelihood on the shore of New Jersey—by fishing, trapping crabs and eels, hawking them to the summer hotels—their love becomes so intense as to add the secret terror of loss to the exhilaration of possession" Moreover at this time of the day one begins to be a trifle tired of reading about the dumb but decent guy (Tony) and the marvellously sweet and plucky and pretty wife (Jo) who bravely fight poverty or misunderstandings and come through with their hands still tightly clasped, or crash because life is so tough. In this book they come through after we get the necessary catch of fear that it's going to be too tough after all. But, as is usual in this genre, it is all extremely readable. Which, in spite of all carping, is a very strong recommendation.

Mr. Noel Langley is also to be congratulated. He has made a really amusing story out of the confusion of sexes, more especially in Theatreland, where it would seem that boys will not always be boys. Perhaps Robin, the good-looking hero who has strayed on to the scene by way of the Fay Compton Studio of Dramatic Art and a play he wants to produce, and his Diana, are a little too innocent and good, by way of contrast to the pursuing Middleton and his helper, Garstin, for abnormal nature's daily food, but Mr. Langley maintains a high standard of vivacity. Moreover, he has an excellent ear for the oddities of human and mechanical speech. Example: "Henry Hall was saying, 'Gub-bye every wharn, gub-bye-eye!' on the white radio gramophone."

After all this it is change to turn to Miss Cummins' pleasantly old-fashioned tale of an Irish peasant girl who loves not wisely but too well a handsome young man from the city. For her lover, John Louis St. Blaise is pursued quite ruthlessly by the daughter of a rich cattle dealer, while Norah in her turn is supposed, since she has no dowry, to be content with a match with a labourer who has a bit of money but lacks charm. And Maria Hogan and Peter Paul Carolan finally win the day, and Norah passes a somewhat embittered existence as hard-working wife and mother till the last chapter brings promise of better things. This is actually a detailed and unsentimental story with a touch of genuine poetic imagination.

NORAH HOULT.

THE PURPOSE OF PAINTING. By Lynton Lamb. Published by Humphrey Milford: The Oxford University Press. 3s. 6d.

"That Art is long and Life is short is an excuse a little too glib to be true." So says Mr. Lamb, and proceeds to demonstrate just how short Art can be. I think if others knowing their objects equally well were to quintessentialise them thus briefly and explicitly for the benefit of those who know what they like but do not know why they like it or who "find themselves perplexed by the difference between what they like and what the critics consider to be good" (to quote the "blurb"—if the Oxford Press can be said to blurb) life would be found considerably longer and correspondingly more pleasant. But the fact remains, I suppose, that not all artists—for the author in this case is a practising artist of growing repute—perceive so clearly and definitely their own goal and the purpose behind what they practise; and this is probably largely to blame for the bewilderment of an eagerly appreciative public who cannot, amid the chaotic and obscure mumblings and daubings of both genuine and so-called "Modern" artists, decide what to appreciate. The history and aim of painting is traced down the channels of tradition from the cave to—and herein lies the first significance of the book—the camera. "To the question: What did the world look like to people of the fourteenth century? the answer is: Look at their paintings, which were the works of their experts: no one could do better, and we must take it for granted that people were satisfied that things looked like that." That, then, was the purpose of painting. And are we to suppose that the people of the twenty-fourth century will pose the same question of our own generation and be satisfied with the same answer? Will they not rather turn to the pages of the illustrated magazines for their information? Very likely; for the camera has relieved the painter of that burden of factual truth which so governed the brushes of his predecessors. The chaos resultant of this apparent forestalling of the painters' aims is well noted; but the search, not for a new, but for the true basis of painting went on. Mr. Lamb finds the answer in a change of tense. The camera records at a single moment of time the shape and the position of the objects before it; until the human mind be reproduced in the shape of a lens attachment it can do no more. The result is a document of fact; painting is free. In the freedom of the paint and the mind of the painter can illimitable shapes be conceived, minute gradations of shade and above all the inter-relation again and again of curve and line, the echo and re-echo of colour and tone, till integration and harmony be achieved and a painting created. In that word *creation*—which might be withdrawn from use until such time as its right significance be respected—lies the whole purpose of painting and of every other form of art. For the creation itself is all and the purpose self-evident. Of whatever a sincere artist shows hereafter must be said: We must take it for granted that he consummately *desired* things to look like that." Appreciation lies in the perception of sincerity.

Along these lines, very deftly, and without resort to any of that technical jargon so common to the non-practising theorist, we are led to the inevitable question-mark of the future. But that remark implies no question of dissatisfaction; we are left with a sense of the strength and inevitability of tradition. The author has illustrated his text relevantly with a number of reproductions and illuminated it no less relevantly with humour.

G. E. H.

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RADIO AND THE COMPOSER. Published by Ivor Nicholson and Watson Ltd., 44 Essex Street, London, W.C. Price 1s. Foreword. By Sir Edward German.

This is a useful and interesting little monograph on the "Economics of Modern Music"; it shows that as the result of the mechanisation of Music there has been an enormous decline in the profits accruing to the Authors, Composers, and Publishers of Music by reason of the diminution of sales of printed copies. But as against this it points out that the legal position of Copyright Owners of Music under the existing Copyright Act of 1911 and the Irish Act, known as "The Industrial and Commercial Property Protection Act, 1927" enables them to demand payment for the performances of these works, thus putting the creator of musical works in the same position as the author of Plays and Operas. The practical difficulty of collecting fees for performances is, of course, treated, and it is indicated that by the formation of a central authority now known and incorporated as the Performing Right Society Limited, this problem has at last been solved with great advantage to such Authors, Composers, and Publishers. In this connection it is important to note that by the formation of such a central authority it has been possible on the one hand to secure highly beneficial Contracts with Broadcasting Stations, and also to secure fees for the re-diffusion in Public of Broadcasted Music by individual owners of Radio Sets.

In a word, this pamphlet proves that by intelligent Co-operation between the Artist, and his alleged enemy, the Publishers, the full legal rights of both can be exercised and in a great measure their financial position preserved and protected and advanced.

D. H. C.

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF AUSTIN CLARKE. With an introduction by Padraic Colum. Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.

The publication of Austin Clarke's first book, *The Vengeance of Fionn* (1917), gained for its author, in the opinion of the few critics whose judgment was of value, a leading place amongst contemporary poets, and the eight or nine volumes of verse, prose, and drama, which followed it have not in the least degree detracted from the reputation which he earned by the publication of that first volume. He has gone steadily forward, quietly, assuredly—he is as much at home amongst the weird gargoyle-like figures of the mediaeval half-light as he is amongst the sun-bright beings of the heroic age—and altogether unmindful of, altogether uninfluenced by, the Whistons and Dittons of our day.

A recent writer has made the astonishing statement that "Clarke derives from Yeats." Austin Clarke derives from no one except from the best poets of the Gaelic past. He has carried on unbroken the tradition of a noble music, and he has added a music of his own.

"O child I have a gold-graved cup

Brimmed with sweet milk. It was drawn by a girl's white hands

From the full udders of the red-brown cow

Grass-deep at lowing time and it is mixed

With honey sucked from clover by wild bees.

Come to the hot turves and put its taste betwixt

Your lips."

These lines alone out of hundreds written by a youth of eighteen years, for they are quoted from his first book, might well have assured the world that a new poet had appeared, but they fell on a time when the critics had grown almost as dead to beauty as had the critics who spewed their venom on the young author of *Endymion*, and they were soon forgotten in the caterwauling of the "Singers" who hold the world's attention to-day. But within a few years, we had the magnificent music of "The Fires of Baal":

"Round them great Israel in its sleep
Was dreaming: lovers lay in soft warm darkness,
And aged men trod in their memory
The wide blind sands beneath a fiery sun
Nailed in the scorching air, and heard far-off
From sultry hills the stalking roar of lions
Shaking the brazen silence."

And swiftly on this followed "The Sword of the West," with its superb descriptive writing, and "The Cattle-drive in Connaught," a volume which contained in addition to the title poem at least six lyrics without which no future anthology of lyrical poetry will be worthy of the name.

After this Clarke turned his attention to the drama, and with notable success. His "Son of Learning," a fantastic play of mediaeval Ireland was performed by the Gate Theatre, and later at Cambridge and elsewhere, and on each occasion held the audience by its wit and by its fantastic realism. In 1930 he followed this by a slight one act piece "The Flame," which has for scene "The House of Fire" at Kildare, and for characters a nun, a novice, an abbess and the sisters of the Community. It is but a trifle, perhaps, but the characters are alive, and the play is carried through with great skill to its quiet ending. It is to be hoped that we will have much more dramatic work of this kind from Austin Clarke for, as Stephen MacKenna very truly wrote of him, "He has dramatic quality very intense; he has passion; he has an almost incomparable wealth of rich words."

In 1930 he gave us yet another volume of poems—slight in size but containing such masterpieces as "The Marriage Night, with its lovely opening stanza:

"O let her name be told
At dusk—while fishermen
Take nobles on the oar
And pass the fiery dice.
Of wineshops at the harbour,
That flush them in the haze:
There is a darker town
Of ships upon the wave."

and "Pilgrimage," "The Scholar," and "The Planter's Daughter." Of recent years the poet has devoted his time to prose fiction, and he has given us two works, "The Bright Temptation" and "The Singing Men at Cashel," both of which have had the honour of being banned in the Irish Free State.

In the finely printed *Collected Poems* which has just come from Messrs. Allen and Unwin, we have not only all the verse which Clarke has written for

the past twenty years, but also two plays, and an introduction in which Padraic Colum traces the development of the poet "through his various volumes" and describes him, very justly, I think, as "one of the very few poets whose innovations have gone beyond the blurred and the experimental"—though "innovation" is hardly the right word for the workmanship of a poet who has gone so far back for the technique in which he works.

In *Collected Poems* Austin Clarke has given us one of the most important volumes published by any writer during the past twenty years, and if it fails to gain recognition as such it will be only for the reason that it has come to us in "an age which has outlived the idea of beauty."

Obituary.

The lamented death of G. K. Chesterton removes from English letters one of its foremost figures, and leaves a gap which is not likely to be filled.

Chesterton was one of the great literary men of a great literary period. He was primarily a journalist but a journalist of a high and unusual order. His journalism, like that of his friend and opponent, Bernard Shaw, was literature, and there is no field of imaginative writing that he did not enter and adorn. The best of his essays are masterpieces of their kind, and if it seems to me that the later ones are not so good, yet taking them in all they are very good—and maybe the fault is in myself. His studies of Dickens and Browning, his magnificent dreadfuls, his poetry, all reach the same high level.

But he was primarily a journalist and a debater. He did not write for art's sake, but because he had a viewpoint to put or a viewpoint to attack. In a complex, mechanistic, and changing (for the worse) world he stood for simplicity, old virtues, and the development as between man and man of as much freedom and divergence of soul as possible. We shall miss him.

P. S. O'H.

